





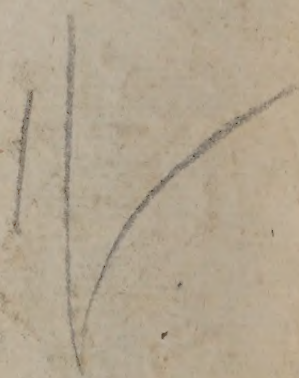






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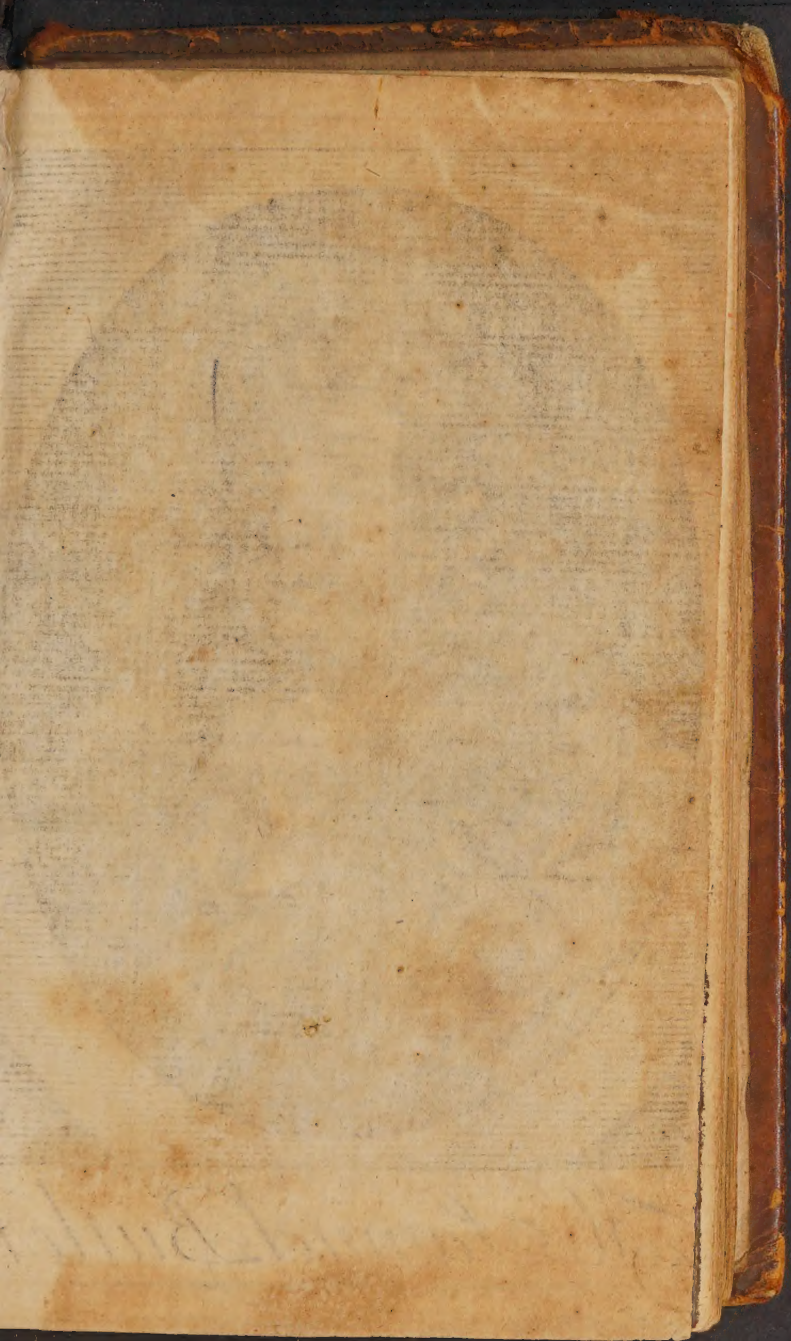
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Mr. Samuel Butler.

P. sc. Lilly pinx.

W. B. de la Roche sculp.

Posthumous WORKS

In PROSE *and* VERSE,

Written in the time of the Civil Wars
and Reign of K. CHARLES II. by

Mr. Samuel Butler,

Author of HUDIBRAS.

FROM

Original MSS. and Scarce and
Valuable Pieces formerly printed.

WITH

A KEY to HUDIBRAS,

by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE.

1715.

THE HISTORY OF THE

INDIAN NATIONS

IN THE TIME OF THE CIVIL WARS

AND THE REVOLUTION

BY

JOHN

ORIGINAL MSS. AND SCETCHES

UNPUBLISHED PIECES FORMERLY PRINTED

WITH

A KEY TO THE

INDIAN NATIONS

LONDON

PRINTED BY SAMUEL R. RILEY

1775

Posthumous Works

I N

PROSE and VERSE.

Written in the Time of the
Grand Rebellion, and Reign
of King *Charles II.*

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*,
Author of *Hudibras*.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A Burlesque Pin-
darick on <i>DuVal</i> . | 9. A Conference be-
twixt a Puritan
and a Family. |
| 2. Court Burlesqu'd. | 10. A Quaker against
the Independants. |
| 3. Proposals for Farm-
ing Liberty of Con. | 11. An Independant
against the Quakers. |
| 4. The Assembly-Man. | 12. Geneva Ballad. |
| 5. The Case of King
<i>Charles I.</i> stated. | 13. The Character of
the Five Sectaries. |
| 6. His Character. | With a Key to <i>Hudi-
bras</i> by Sir Roger
<i>L'Estrange</i> . |
| 7. Good Advice in
bad Times, a Satyr. | |
| 8. The Character of
a Fanatick. | |

L O N D O N: Printed for *R. Smith, G.
Strahan* at the Royal-Exchange, *J. Brown*
without Temple-Bar, and *J. Morphew*
near Stationers-Hall. 1715.





To the most
Illustrious Prince
J A M E S,
Duke of *Ormond.*

May it please Your Grace,

THough it is Folly
and Presumption
to approach your
Person with this
Piece, yet, as the Author
of it had the Honour to be
A 2 of

Dedication.

of the Name of BUTLER,
and highly respected by
your never to be forgotten
Grandfather, for his Loy-
alty, which incited all your
Noble Family to admire his
Works, as well as King
Charles the Second, who
never went abroad without
'em, we have attempted to
make a Dedication of his
Posthumous Labours (which
have been collected with a
great deal of Trouble and
Charges) to your Grace;
whose Fidelity ever to the
Royal

Dedication.

Royal Family, as well as Country, both at Home and abroad, causes *Great-Britain*, as well as *Ireland*, to admire your admirable Conduct, in all the High Employments which the Crown (for your unparallel'd Merits) have been pleas'd to bestow upon you. The original Piece of Mr. *Samuel Butler*, intituled, *Hudibras*, has met with a general and kind Reception through Christendom, by all that were

Dedication.

acquainted with his Language; and being writ with a great deal of Fire and sublime Thoughts on the Account of Monarchical Government, it had been before now translated into most *European* Languages, by the last and present Age, but only his coining new Words, to make jingle to his Verse (call'd *Carmen jocularare* by the *Latins*) being not to be made intelligible in another Tongue, the Attempt

Dedication.

tempt was left off. What we here present your Grace of his, are as valuable, as being writ with the same *Energy and Force of Thought* as the other; but your Grace being of that Clearness and Perspicuity of Wit, that we need not give any Introduction for the setting forth the Drift of *Mr. Butler's* Design in what he writ, as tending all to the Glory of Church and State, in opposition to Antimonarchical Principles;

A 4. now,

Dedication.

now, with all submission,
give me the liberty of speaking
no more in Mr. *Butler's*
Praise, to blazon yours;
but knowing your Modesty
exceeds your Grandeur, I
durst not presume to give
any other Encomium upon
your Grace, than to say,
that all People bestow the
same Eulogy upon you,
which most classick Authors
report was given to *Vespa-*
sian the Roman Emperor,
Amor ac Deliciæ humani ge-
neris; not only *Vigo* en-
titles

Dedication.

titles you to that Character,
but many other Tranfacti-
ons, which I forbear re-
peating, because it is my
Ambition to subscribe my-
self

Your Grace's

Most humble and

obedient Servant,

TO

1870

Received of the
Hon. Secy of the Navy
the sum of \$100.00
for the purchase of
the book of the
Navy

By the Cashier

1870

1870



TO THE
READER.

THE following
TPieces, which
Aare here offer'd
to the Publick,
are the Remains of that
great and celebrated Genius
Mr. BUTLER, Author of
Hudi-

TO the READER.

Hudibras: No greater Complement can be paid to these Writings, than to say, they are His; and therefore I shall forbear to add any thing further to their Praise, since no one, who is the least acquainted with the Characters of this Glory of our Nation, but must secretly congratulate himself and Mankind upon the recovery of this invaluable Treasure, and conceive the highest Idea of any thing that comes from so renowned a Hand,
from

To the READER.

from one whom all confess
the most exalted Wit of the
Age in which he lived, and
one of the brightest Spirits
that ever adorn'd our Island:
There is no one, I say, who
has heard the Name of
BUTLER, but will natu-
rally expect from these Mi-
scellanies every Excellence
that can be met with in hu-
man Productions: He will
depend to see Wit in its
whole extent and variety,
so unconstrain'd, and flow-
ing with that freedom, as
if

To the READER.

if the great Author were only the Amanuensis to some Heavenly Muse, and charmed us with Thoughts not his own.

What therefore the Reader may be inform'd of is, that a very great Expence, and almost incredible Industry has been laid out in collecting these Papers, which have been scattered thro' an infinite number of Hands, and could not have been recovered but by the most intense application.

To

To the READER.

To conclude, These genuine Pieces were written, as may be collected from the general Arguments, partly during the Rebellion, and partly at the latter end of King Charles the Second's Reign, about which Time our inimitable Author died.

Just at the finishing of this Volume, the Publisher of it having receiv'd some extraordinary Pieces done by this celebrated Author, from several Gentlemen, he
is,

TO the READER.

is, at their Request, desired to publish them; and accordingly he will, next Michaelmas-Term, oblige the World with 'em: Therefore if any other Persons have any Manuscripts of Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER's in their Hands, if they please to send 'em to Mr. John Morphew near Stationers-Hall, they shall be carefully incerted in the next Volume, which will be printed at the Time above-mentioned.

THE



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A Bur-



A

Burlesque Pindarick

O D E,

To the Memory of the most
Renown'd *Claud. Du Val*,
the Highwayman.

I.

TIs true, to complement the Dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.

B

Or,

2 A PINDARICK ODE.

Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em Wives,
 With Settlements for After-lives.
 For all that can be done or said,
 Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good,
 By them is neither heard nor understood
 All our fine Sleights, and Tricks of Art,
 First to create, and then adore Desert;
 And those Romances which we frame,
 To raise ourselves, not them a Name,
 In vain are stuf't with ranting Flatteries
 And such, as if they knew, they would
 (despise;
 For as those Times, the *Golden Age*
 (they call,
 In which there was no Gold at all;
 So we plant Glory and Renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
 But to worse purpose, many times,
 To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,
 And

A PINDARICK ODE. 3

And cheat the World, that never seems
to mind

How good or bad Men die, but what
they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave *DuVal*, whose Name
Can ne'er be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind.

A great Example to Mankind :

That fell a publick Sacrifice,

From Ruin to prevent those few,

Who, tho' born false, may be made true;

And teach the World to be more just
(and wise,

Ought not, like vulgar Asses, rest

Unmention'd in the silent Chest,

Not for his own, but Publick Interest.

He like a pious Man, some Years before

Th' arrival of his fatal Hour,

4 A PINDARICK ODE.

Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
To his last Minute, a Preparative ;
Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
To act in a more genteel Mode,
Take Prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *Filous* ;
And how to hang in a more graceful
(Fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull
(*English* Nation.

III.

In *France*, the Staple of new Modes,
Where Garbs & Courts are current *Goods*
That serves the ruder Northern Nations
With Methods of Address and Treat,
Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion Wine or Meat.

To

A PINDARICK ODE. §

To understand Crevats and Plumes,
And the most modish from the old Per-
(fumes,

To know the Age and Pedigrees,
Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
Cast their Nativity, and to a Day
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when
(decay,

T'affect the purest Negligences,
In Gestures, Gaits and Miens,
And speak by Repartee Routines,
Out of the most authentic of Romances;
And to demonstrate with substantial
(Reason,
What Ribbands all the Year are in or
(out of Season.

6 A PINDARIC ODE.

IV.

To this great Academy of Mankind,
He ow'd his Birth and Education,
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by Imitation ;
Are taught, improv'd before they are
(aware,
As if they'd suckt their Breeding from
(the Air,
That naturally does dispence
To all, a deep and solid Confidence,
A Virtue of that precious use,
That hewhom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate shew of it,
Can want no Worth, Abilities, nor Wit.
In all the deep Hermetick Arts,
(For so of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,
And

A PINDARICK ODE. 7

And with his magick Rod could sound,
Where hidde'd Treasures may be found.
He, like a Lord o'th' Mannor seiz'd upon,
Whatever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful Waif and Stray,
And after, by the Custom, kept it as his
(own.

V.

From these first Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declar'd all Caravans, that go
Upon the King's Highway, his Foe;
Made many desperate Attacks,
Upon itinerant Brigades,
Of all Professions, Ranks and Trades;
On Carriers Loads and Pedlars Packs,

8 A PINDARICK ODE.

Made them lay down their Arms and
(yield,

And, to the smallest Piece, restore,
All that by cheating they had got before,
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of
(the Field ;

In ev'ry bold Affair of War,
He had the chief Command and led
(them on ;

For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care
Of others Lives, until he's made it
(known,

How much he does despise and scorn
(his own.

VI.

Whole Provinces, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conq'ring Sword been won ;
And mighty Sums of Money laid,
For Ransom, upon ev'ry Man,

And

A PINDARICK ODE. 9

And Hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid.

Th'Excise, and Chimney-Publican,
The *Jew*, Forefaller and Inhanfer,
To him for all their Crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his Foes, the Constable,
That oft had beat his Quarters up,
And routed him, and all his Troop.

He took the dreadful Lawyer's Fees,
That in his own allow'd Highway,
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
And when th'encounter in it, wins th'Day

Safe in his Garison, the Court,
Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd
To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter, ^{(for't;}
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,

That he in Time to come,
Might, in return from him, receive his
(Doom.

B 5

He

10 A PINDARICK ODE.

VII.

He would have starv'd this *mighty Town*
And brought its haughty Spirit down;
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And like a wise and valiant Chief,
Made many a fierce Assault
Upon all Ammunition-Carts,
And those that bring up Cheese and Malt,
Or Bacon from remoter Parts.
No Convoy e'er so strong, with Food,
Durst venture on the desperate Road;
He made th'undaunted Waggoner obey,
And the fierce Higler Contribution pay;
The savage Butcher and stout Drover
Durst not to him their feeble Troops
(discover;
And if he had but kept the Field,
In time he'd made the City yield;
For

A PINDARICK ODE. II

For great Towns, like the Crocodiles,
(are found

I'th' Belly aptest to receive a mortal
(Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,

In which his Stars began to frown,
And had in close Cabal contriv'd

To pull him from his height of Glory
(down,

When he by num'rous Foes oppress'd,
Was in the enchanted Dungeon cast,

Secur'd with mighty Guards,

Lest he by Force or Stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their
(Chains and them,

And break thro' all their Locks, and
(Bolts, and Wards,

He'd.

12 A PINDARICK ODE.

He'd both his Legs *by Charms* committed
 To one another's Charge,
 That neither might be set at large,
 And all their Fury & Revenge outwitted.
 As Jewels of high Value are
 Kept under Locks with greater Charge
 Than those of meaner Rates;
 So he was in Stone-Walls, and pondrous
 (Chains, and Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,
 To offer up close Pris'ners, Hearts,
 Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
 And made 'em yield up Love and Ho-
 (nour too,
 But in more brave Heroicks
 Than e'er was practis'd yet in Plays;
 For

A PINDARICK ODE. 13

For those two spiteful Foes who never
 (meet
 But full of hot Contest and Piques,
 About Punctilio's and meer Tricks,
 Did all their Quarrels to his Doom sub-
 (mit,
 And far more generous and free,
 With only looking on him did agree,
 Both fully satisfy'd; the one
 With the fresh Laurels he had won,
 And all the brave renowned Feats
 He had perform'd in Arms;
 The other with his Person and his
 (Charms;
 For just as Larks are catch'd in Nets,
 By gazing on a Piece of Glass,
 So while the Ladies view his brighter
 (Eyes,
 And smoother polish'd Face,
 Their gentle Hearts, alas! were taken
 (by Surprise.
 Never

14 A PINDARICK ODE.

X.

Never did bold KnightErrant, to relieve
Distressed Dames, such dreadful Feats
(atchieve,
As feeble Damfels for his fake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's Loss and their own,
Strove who should have the Honour to
(lay down,
And change a Life with him :
But finding all their Hopes in vain,
To move his fixt determin'd Fate,
They, Life itself began to hate,
And all the World beside disdain :
Made loud Appeals and Moans
To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,
Came

A PINDARICK ODE. 15

Came swell'd with Sighs, and drown'd
(in Tears,
To yield themselves his Fellow sufferers,
And follow'd him like Prisoners of War,
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his tri-
(umphant Car.



THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS FIRST INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

IN TWO VOLUMES

BY JOHN DESHAUNES

ESQ. OF THE SOCIETY

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON

ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

1795

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES

AND TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
COURT
Burlesqued.

Written in the Year 1678.
By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.

THE
FELLOWSHIP
OF THE
FELLOWSHIP

OF THE
FELLOWSHIP



OF THE
FELLOWSHIP



T H E

C O U R T Burlesqu'd.

I Sing a merry Monarch's Fame,
 Whose Co---ece no Advice can tame;
 Nor can the Pow'r of Both the Houses
 Keep it from gaping at their 'Spouses.
 No Wonder, since all Living Creatures
 Will still pursue their diff'rent Natures.
 Why therefore should not Kings be kind
 To Punks and Jilts, if so inclin'd?

Since

Since no Man cares to be debar'd
Of that for which he's most regard:
But still will gratify that Lust
To which he has the greatest Gust.
The Sportsman hunts away his Life,
And for his Dogs forsakes his Wife:
The Sot in Bumpers drowns his Time,
And thinks Sobriety a Crime:
The Gamester Curses, Prays, and Plays,
And fretting, fools away his Days:
The Leacher sweats away his Nights,
In drudging hard at Love Delights:
Therefore since Subjects have their follies
And all Men in their turns are Cullies,
Why may not Kings, as well as Nobles,
To craving Jilts be gen'rous Bubbles,
Since few Men can refrain that Vice
Of which their Natures have a Spice,
How

How should the Head that rules the
(Throne,
Govern the Tail when Rampant grown,
Or make that loose Proud-Flesh obey,
That has so long had Sov'reign Sway?

Two Scepters, to the Nation's cost,
His strong-back'd Majesty can boast;
By dint of one he does maintain
His Regale Power over Men;
The other steers his loose Affection,
And keeps the Ladies in Subjection;
Nor does the Monarch scorn to own it,
Tho' Picked-Beard cries, Shame upon it.
Why should he, since the Wife we know
Have two Strings always to their Bow,
That if one falters, when its try'd,
The other may be well apply'd.
So R-----, when he craves Supplies,
And his Request the House denies,
With

22 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

With City-Heifers then he plows,
 Plants Royal Crest on Faction's Brows;
 With swarthy Brats adorns their Houses,
 And borrows of their wealthy 'Spouses,
 Well knowing Cuckold-makers find
 The loving Cuckold always kind.
 Thus, at a pinch, his Point he gains,
 By dint of Back as well as Brains;
 And when he thus exerts his Forces,
 To dive into the City's Purses,
 If he proves lib'ral of his Nature,
 The Wives, to recompence the Matter,
 Plead hard to maketh' Sum the greater

*So Bullies who support their Lives
 By kindly kissing Buxom Wives,
 Like Thrashers drudge & advance
 (their Gains)
 In due Proportion to their Pains.*

Old *Harry's* C--piece, in the *Tower*,
That once contain'd such fleshly Power,
Made now a Cusheon for the Fair,
To stick in Pins and Needles there,
That by that Means they may express
Their Rev'rence to the empty Case,
And not forget that Pious Prince,
Whose *Terrivags* it held long since.
What tho' that Codpiece's dimension,
Shows something was of large extention.
Besides, it brought into this Nation,
So Great a thing as Reformation;
And therefore, to our Lady's Eyes,
Can be of no disdainful Size:
Yet if to thine, O C----s! compar'd,
'Tis but a Bauble, by the L---d;
A C--piece that would pinch thy Belly
Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy *Nelly*!

24 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

A Case that would not half inclose
 Thy Scepter, all the Kingdom knows :
 No! *Harry's* C--piece must knock under
 Thine merits fifty times the wonder ;
 And has ejected twice the Force,
 That e'er leap'd out of *Trojan* Horse ;
 For tho' thou hadst but one good Wife
 To recreate thee in thy Life,
 And he had six, yet thou hadst more
 Of other Mens, by twice a Score ;
 Besides more Harlots, to thy Cost,
 Than *Solomon* could ever boast ;
 And more *Fitz Roys* of thy begetting,
 Than *Hal* had Peers of his creating.

Go on, brave C-----s, and if thy Back,
 As well as Lust, but holds thee tack,
 Most of thy Court, in time, much rather
 Than call thee King, will call thee Father,

For

For such a Crowd of sp——s D---s, !
With empty Heads and tawny Looks,
Will plague thy throne, that all thy Places
Must be ingross'd by graceless Graces;
Thy Court be fill'd with B-ft--d Brothers
Begot on mercenary Mothers,
Most kindly taken for their Charms,
From Cellars into Monarch's Arms.

*So Vapours that from Ditches rise,
Change to be Meteors in the Skies.*

The witty't of the wanton Crew,
That do by turns thy Lust subdue,
Was snatch'd from Theater, G-d, wot,
And rais'd to be the Lord knows what;
Tho breach'd at fourteen Years of Age
By the Sham-Monarch of the Stage,
That skill'd in Love, the pritty Thing
Might better please a Real King:

C

For

26 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

For *Nelly* knows she owes the Art
Of W——g, not to C----- but *Hart* ;
He taught her first to manage right
The Female Scabbard of Delight :
Which made the Monarch love his *Nel*,
Because she did the Trick so well.

So airy Filts, train'd up for Cullies,
Are tap'd in Stews by Pimps and Bullies
And then prefer'd to wealthy Beds,
For charming highpriz'd Maidenheads

Another Lass of Beauteous Feature,
Bred up, like *N--l*, in the Theatre,
Who long had rowl'd her Eyes about,
To pick some Keeping Cully out ;
Ogl'd the Boxes and the Pit,
Where Noble Lords and Bubbles sit,
Till she'd at last the luck to Charm
A King who ne'er meant Woman harm,
But

But lov'd the pleasing Spot from whence
He came, because he came from thence.
However, as some People tell us,
Nelly of *Molly* growing Jealous,
Prepar'd a Dose of purging Jallop,
And gave it to her Sister Trallup,
That very Night the Royal C---ly
Design'd to exercise his Folly,
With his new Mistress, to the Grief
Of *Nelly*, who was Miss in Chief.
No sooner had the Princely Lover,
Inflam'd with furious Lust all over,
Bedded his new Theatrick Dame,
To satiate his salacious Flame,
But giving *Moll* an am'rous Tumble,
The Harlots Guts began to grumble,
And in the height of all their Sport,
Let fly a very nauseous Flirt.

And lov'd the condescending Part
Of Lady Fair with all his Heart,
Yet tho' before he was so finitten,
When once he found himself b——n
He loath'd the Bird, or rather Beast,
That so befoul'd her charming Nest,
And spoil'd that kind refreshing Smell
Which R——y always lov'd so well,
That her past Service he rewarded,
And from that time the Punk discarded.
Thus she who by her S——gn L——d
Was for her Beauty once ador'd,
In one sad Hour lost Royal Favour,
By dropping what had too much favour.
*So those who by good Turns have won us,
And signal Friendships oft have done us,
Yet if they disoblige at last,
We bury all their Kindness past.*

30 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

*Nay, Kings themselves, that are so
vain
And gen'rous when they're pleas'd,
what then?
If vex'd they're just like other Men.*

A third more beauteous than the rest,
That prov'd a Snake in Royal Breast,
Was rais'd for hum'ring his Debauches,
From a lewd C-----fs to a D-----fs;
But being troubl'd, as some say,
With such an Itch that none could lay,
She could not be content alone
To bind her Honour to th^e Throne,
But loving well the am'rous Sport,
Turn'd Prostitute to half the Court:
Nor would her G--ce confine her Favours
To their weak surfeited Endeavours,
But search'd both Playhouses and Fairs,
For Dancers of the Ropes and Players,
Such

Such that would drudge as hard to earn
The Pence, as Thrashers in a Barn,
Exert their Strength and strain their Si-
For a green Purse half fill'd with ^{(news,}Guineas
This made the Court as mad as Devils,
To find they had such scoundrel Rivals;
That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
Whisper'd to R---y the Dishonour
Done him by such a Jilting H--fy,
Who'd so abus'd her T---zy-m---zy.
This made the Kiag at once resign her,
Altho' he never had a finer.

*So the close Harlot that detects
Her Neighbour joining Sex with Sex,
Will cry out Whore upon the Dame,
Expose her Faults to publick Shame,
Tho' she herself has done the same.*

32 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

The M---rch, tho' in Pocket low,
 B'ing proud, at his Expence, to know
 What diff'rence Nature had begot,
 Betwixt a *French* and *English* T--t,
 Takes a gay Tit from *France* to mount,
 The Cast-off of a *Paris* Count,
 With Apple-Face and slender Waste,
 All over Jilt, yet looking Chaste;
 With her the M---ch next agreed,
 To pleasure his adult'rous Bed,
 That he might know the worth & nature
 Of *French* Commodities the better.
 This Madam with her nimble Scut,
 Now tosses M-----y about,
 And from the Pockets of his Britches,
 Shakes out her R---l C---y's Riches,
 Thus like a true experienc'd W---,
 Ev'n keeps her very Keeper poor.

Nor

Nor has he yet the fence to see
How much his Generosity
Dishonours his M----ck Station,
And makes him slighted by the Nation.
Whilst she, her Country to advance,
Sends golden Pies from hence to *France*,
And strips the M-----ch of our Isle,
T'enrich her own dear native Soil:
Is but a treach'rous Spy upon him,
To hug him till she's quite undone him,
Does all his Grand Affairs discover,
To cunning *L---s* at the *Louvre*.
O *C-----s*! how happy had we been, }
Hadst thou but had a fruitful Queen, }
Or else been Gelt before Fifteen. }

Besides these mercenary Crew,
Who drain his Purse and ----- too,

C 5 And

34 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

And with their B---d Broods deceive him
 Of all the Wealth the People give him,
 Yet such a Crowd of Ladies ply
 Around his Throne, who, by the by, }
 Are proud to ease his L---ry,
 That scarce a D-----s of Renown,
 Or wanton C-----s in the Town,
 But wait the motion of his L---st,
 In hopes to have one R---l T---st,
 Each striving when his love grows fervent
 To be his very humble Servant ;
 Well knowing that the only means
 To win the Favour of their P-----ce,
 Is to surrender when he's ready,
 The Seat of Honour in a Lady ;
 Then let 'em ask what 'tis they want,
 And T---- will gain what Merit can't.
 Thus he that needs a Boon at Court,
 And has but small Pretentions for't,
 Let

Let him but send his Wife, if pritty,
Or Daughter that's but young and witty
As long as C-----s the S-----d Reigns,
He need not fear to gain his Ends;
For he, good Prince, could ne'er deny
The Petticoat, good reason why,
Because, as he himself does own,
He loves a Lady 'bove a Crown.

These Lady Punks, that like the Sport,
Are th' only shining Lamps at Court,
Who, by the use of Copulation,
Bring Wh--ing daily into fashion,
That none approach the R-----l Presence,
But with such am'rous acquiescence,
That he who asks another's Bride
To lay her Modesty aside,
Need never fear to be deny'd.

For

For since the Greatest Courtiers use it,
Tis thought Ill Breeding to refuse it.
They take Example by the T----e,
And make their M----'s Vice their own ;
The City borrow't from the Court,
And hand it to the Common Sort ;
Till thus, by Ape-like Imitation,
Love spreads his Wings o'er all the Na-
 (tion,
Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But P---ry, P-x, and V---ry,
'Till *London* is as famous grown,
For W——m, (G-d preserve the T——).
As *Sodom* was for their provoking
G-d's Vengeance, by their backward po-
 (king

Besides these Ladies of the Sport,
Whose Lust inflames the B---y Court,

And

And makes a Brothel of a Pallace,
Where Harlots Ply, as many tell us, {
Like Brimstone's in a Whetstone Ale- (house, }
There are a Crowd of fawning P---s,
Which R---y calls his Ministers,
Who manage with such Craft and Care,
They fit their M-----h to a Hair;
Assist him in his costly S-----,
But make him pay for their Contriving;
Project such cunning Ways and Shifts,
To help him out at all dead Lifts,
That when they have supply'd his
(Wants,
Themselves may beg the larger Grants:
Thus by ill Means th'enrich his Trea-
(sure,
Then pick his Pocket at their leisure.
*So those who sponge upon a Friend,
Who is too free to spend and lend,*

When

38 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

*When at a Pinch (if not bereft
Of all, but still has something left)
They'll raise him Money on his Credit,
That they may share it as they need it.*

The Chief of these was Crafty C---y,
Who first advis'd the King to Marry
To K--e of *Lisbone*, who had got
No Catch to her unfruitful Spot,
In hopes his pretty blooming D-----,
May come to be a ----- herea'ter :
Or that her Issue may, at least,
Be of the ----- in time possess.
This cunning Machiavelian Cuff,
Tho' he himself is wise enough,
Yet he advises honest R---y,
To many a strange unk---like Folly,
Indulges him in loose Amours,
And raises Money for his W-----,
Rather

Rather than he should send back *Kate*,
And marry with a fruitful Mate,
Whose Race his B---d may disappoint,
And put their Noses out of Joint.

*So junior Brothers love to see
Their Seniors without Progenie,
Because they hope that they or theirs
May prove their Elder Brothers Heirs.*

But C---y, who hath long ingroft
His Prince, and e'ery gainful Post,
That Merit, without his Consent,
Can never rise in Government,
At last is glad to quit his hold,
For what he's said, and what he's sold
Is forc'd, in spite of ----- his Son,
To take his farewell of the Throne,
And from the Land to fly by stealth,
Into a much worse Commonwealth.

Leaving

40 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Leaving the Noble House he built,
 As a proud Witness of his Guilt,
 Whose costly Walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
 By *French* Pistoles for *Dunkirk* paid;
 And since it breaks old C——'s Heart,
 To think that C-----s and he should part,
 The fam'd Escureal is decreed,
 (In hopes to please the Faction-Breed)
 To fall e'relong a Sacrifice,
 That from its Ruins there may arise,
 Whole Streets of famous ——houses,
 Where Buxom Jades, for want of Spouses
 Shall shew each Rake what pritty Sport
 The Lords and Ladies use at Court,
 And what a way *Nel G---n* has got,
 To humour *R---y* with her *T---t*.
Just so Lords Palaces of old,
When into Builders clutches sold,

Were

The COURT Burlesqu'd. 41

*Were often doom'd beneath the Curses
Of being Inns for Law or Horses.*

Another cunning *Fox* of State,
Advanc'd from Little to be Great,
Has, by Court Wheedles, climb'd to be
The greatest in the Treasury:
Nor truly does he want the sence,
To manage well the Nation's Pence,
Because, in spite of all their Care,
He'll have, at least, a Fav'rite's Share.
And is more Charge to *England's* Th--e,
Than any She that hangs thereon.
Nor does he, like his Master's Dutcheſs,
Receive his Pay from others Clutches,
But judges of his own Deserts,
And, to reward his able Parts,
In his High Station, is so wise
To serve himself, and thus he cries,
Here's

*Here's so much for Your Majesty,
But, Tom, here's twice as much for thee;
And all that you and I can spare,
We'll frankly pay away elsewhere.
This, by a Rat behind the Curtain,
Has been o'erheard, some say, for certain,
And is reported still to be
The Fox's old Soliloquy.*

So Stewards who have easy Lords,
By Coz'nage pile up wealthy Hoards,
And as their Masters grow more poor,
The crafty Knaves encrease their Store,
And at high Int'rest often lend 'em
Their own, pretending to befriend 'em,
And mak' em think, to hide their knav'ry
'Tis borrow'd with much pains and
(slav'ry.

A third who by the King's good Grace,
Is big in Wealth, and high in Place,

A trusty Friend, whose silver Tongue,
Determines well'twixt Right and Wrong
And to his own Immortal Glory,
Has all the Arts of Oratory,
Can argue, when he pleases, wisely,
And cut a Wheedle too as nicely ;
Delude the House with such fine fetches,
And coax the Commons with such
(Speeches,
That none were ever better able,
In Senate or at Council Table,
To do good Service to his Prince,
In any Case of Exigence ;
Yet he, as cunning as the rest,
Knows how to feather his own Nest :
For 'tis with him, like Priest in Cloister,
No Money, C----s, no *Pater-noster*.
Nor would the prudent Sage embrace
The favour of so high a Place,

Without

44 *The COURT. Burlesqu'd.*

Without Four thousand Pounds *per an-*
 In Case upon some State *Arcanum*,
 He should be turn'd from Council-
 And from his Post, as one not able (Table,
 To please our mighty Lords the Rable }
 A Bargain wise, we must allow,
 In Times precarious, as they're now;
 For who would trust such Kings as those
 Who starve their Friends to feast their
 And kiss away that Wealth that's meant (Foes;
 To serve the Ends of Government,
 And to reward those faithful few,
 That are both wise as well as true.
 Who would, I say, with Life and Fortune
 Serve such a Prince behind the Curtain,
 Who oft, to please the Rabble Rout,
 Must turn his best Advisers out,
 And to his hazard, in their steads,
 Be forc'd to lean on rotten Reeds,
 With-

Without they were at first secure
Of something if disrob'd of Pow'r,
And from the Court with shame remov'd
Because by Faction disapprov'd.
'Tis therefore, mighty C-----s, we fear,
Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy Friends so dear,
Because they're certain, if they shou'd
Once trust to thy old Gratitude,
When they thy turn have truly serv'd,
That then they may be hang'd or starv'd
For the same Reason wanton Sluts,
That earn their Livings by their Scuts
Are all importunate to count
Their Money e'er their Riders mount:
Nor couldst thyself, O C-----s, e'er vent
Thy L--- before a Settlement;
Which shews, altho' our S-----gn L---d,
Thy very W----- wont take thy Word.

So

That his deep Judgment might out-
(pierce all,
And make his Knowledge Universal:

In Poetry he was, alas,
Competitor with *Hudibras*.

And as for the Dramatick Stage,
He's still the Mirrour of the Age,
And has a knack of Ridiculing,
That out does any other fooling.

In Chymick Arts he's such a dabbler,
He'll draw a Philter from a Lobster,
That if 'tis given to a Lady,
Who has before refus'd to Bed ye, (her
In one short Minute's Time 'twill make
As Lewd as any Kennel-Raker;
Besides, 'twill so restore a Crazy
Old Leacher, that's Decay'd and Lazy,
And give his Rudder of Affection,
So brisk a Juyenile Erektion,

That

48 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

That the poor Thing shall be as live,
 As e'er it was at Twenty-five,
Probatum est, for by Experience,
 Himself and all his Lewd Adherents,
 Know that the Secret, without harm,
 Will all these wondrous Things perform:
 Therefore whoever loves the Placket,
 May, if they please, with Safety take it.

Musick he understands, as well
 As any Ringer does a Bell;
 Can judge of Trebles and their Bases,
 Of Hoitboys, Fiddles, and their Cases,
 As well as any Minstrel Brother,
 That plays on either one or 'tother:
 Nay, he himself has oft been seen,
 And heard, to touch the Violin,
 So finely 'twould have Charm'd a Lady,
 Or any Milk-Maid, on a *May-Day*.

The

The Philosophick Stone, His Grace
Has study'd many Nights and Days;
And, by the strength of Fire and Bellows,
Had found it once, some People tell us,
But that, for want of Skill or Care,
The Wonder vanish'd into Air:
Some say it was of burning Gold,
And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
That dropping from his Hand it broke,
And b'ing too brittle for the Stroke,
It flew away in Fire and Smoke.

(tion
Or else he would have blest'd the Na
With the strange Art of Transmutation;
Taught us to've metamorphos'd Mettles,
And into Gold turn'd Brazen Kettles,
Which would have sure surpriz'd us
(more,
Than *Bacon's* Head had done before.

D

But

But this great Project, like the rest,
 (Tho' Pity 'twas) became a Jest,
 And all the Secrets that the Bubble
 Found out, to recompense his Trouble,
 Instead of turning Lead or Brass,
 To Gold, that would for Standard pass,
 Wasto change Mettles to his Loss,
 And bring his Gold to worthless Dross ;
 The only costly gen'rous Art,
 At which himself is most expert.
So freakish melancholy Wretches,
When Poor, will dig in Fields and
(Ditches,
Big with Conceit, that under Ground
Some hidden Treasure my be found,
Till weary of their Pains, and then
Sit down with Loss, instead of Gain,
And scratch to think they've dug in
(vain.

His

His Wisdom too the World may see,
I'th' Government of's Family ;
Who, for Good Orders and Decorum,
Surely admit of none before 'em.
Wages his Servants ne'er regard,
It is enough to serve My Lord ;
They never ask His Grace a Penny,
Nor does he care to pay 'em any ;
Their Sal'ries never drain his Coffers,
They seldom Pray, he seldom Proffers :
So that they're both so open-hearted,
'Tis Pity they should e'er be parted ;
Yet all that live beneath his Wing,
Grow Rich, as if they serv'd a King :
Whilst his wife Grace, by wondrous ways
Grows poor, altho' he never pays ;
A paradox well worth our notice,
Tho' true *in verbum Sacerdotis* :

D 2

But,

52 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

But, after all, what Riddle's in it,
 May be expounded in a Minute; (him,
 For would he pay they'd scorn to cheat
 But since he don't, they all outwit him;
 Or he'd not have such need to wait on
 That City-Fox, Sir *Robert Clayton*.
 But he whose wants Assistance crave,
 Must be a Fool to some Rich Knave.

Besides these many wondrous things,
 For which his Fame thro' *England* rings,
 His Comely Person and his Parts,
 Commands all Am'rous Ladies Hearts;
 Nor does he fear to hazard Life,
 To kill the Cuckold, for his Wife;
 For he's as true a Son of *Mars*,
 As ever yet drew Sword or ——.
 Nor can old R—— for his Pleasure,
 Keep one fine Tit, to mount at leisure,
 But

But he will find some way or other,
To be his Sov'reign's Sterling Brother,
And to command the very Thing,
Belov'd so dearly of the K---g:
That not the sacred Lips or Belly,
Of C-----d down to Little Nelly,
Can keep his merry Grace from stealing,
By hook or crook, a fellow-feeling ;
For, still regardless of the T---,
He often gives a Butter'd-Bun,
To the kind C--ll that sits thereon ;
And does, by these Intrigues, discover
The Secrets of the R----l Lover,
And makes the treach'rous Jilts disclose
Whate'er had pass'd beneath the Rose.
*So the Gay Spark that can invade,
His hen-peck'd Neighbour's nuptial Bed,
As oft as at the Game he plays,
Knows all the Husband does or says ;*

By which, and by the Wife's direction,
He keeps the Cuckold in subjection.

This Practise made old R----- puff,
And turn his Grace in dudgeon off:

Who, much disgusted, now sets up
To be the Faction's only prop ;

Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
To please the Blockheads and regain,
By rich rebellious City Slaves,

What he has lost by Fools and Knaves.

In this Condition shall we leave him,
That they fair words at first may give
At last the better to deceive him.

*For he that does good Friends despise,
And hopes by worthless Rogues to rise,*

Is like a crippl'd old Debauch

*Who flings away a trusty Crutch,
To lean upon a feeble Reed,*

Too weak to serve him in his need.

Ano-

Another Duke, the sp----- Son
Of him that tamely Rules the T-----,
The only darling of the Court,
From Prince to Punk of e'ery sort;
The factious Bubble and the Tool
Of those that would usurp the Rule;
The Dancing, Fencing, Riding Bauble,
That Bows and Cringes to the Rabble;
The brainless, fawning, pritty Thing,
That hopes e'relong to be a King;
Enters the List among the rest,
With his Star shining at his Breast,
And none but crafty Knaves about him,
Who, tho' they court him, yet they flout
Gay as a Peacock at a Ball, (him,
Tres humble Serviteur to all;
A busy Fop among the Ladies,
To shew 'em what an am'rous Blade he's.

56 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Forward to fight, in Battle warm,
 Altho, poor Thing, he means no harm,
 Except it is to his own Father,
 Or to his Popish U---le rather;
 Ready in all things to oppose
 His Country's Friends, instead of Foes;
 The only Idol of the Town,
 That struts and rattles up and down,
 That all the factious Fools, who hope It
 Will one day Reign, may view the Puppit
 That they may fill his empty Grace
 With noisy Shouts and loud Huzzas,
 And make him use his worst Endeavours
 T'abuse his K---, the best of Fathers,
 In hopes he may, by Usurpation,
 In time, reign Tyrant o'er the Nation.
 But, O remember *J-----y Sc--t*,
 Thy Arms have such a Bastard Blot,

That

That many think thou may'st as soon
Expect a Scaffold as a Crown ;
For he that is so vainly proud
O'th' Flatt'ries of a Factious Crowd,
Of Ruin very seldom fails,
When Fortune turns the ticklish Scales.
Then shake off the Rebellious Crew,
Or else prepare to have thy due ;
For tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
Thou still retain'st the ancient Leven ;
But *Jemmy Frog* beware the *Stork*,
Thy F-----r has a Brother T---k.

Another Factious grave Belweather,
Whose Tongue's the Devil's B----Leather
The plague and teaser of the Court,
Whose chief delight's in doing hurt,
The Head of all the Factious Clan,
By whom our Feuds were first began ;

58 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

The City's God, the Rabbles Leader,
 A Lord, a Rebel, and a Trader,
 Who keeps his Changes and Cabals,
 At publick Halls and Festivals ;
 An old rebellious canting Wizard,
 Who loves the Rump with all his Gizard
 Hells Journymen, our Plot Projector,
 'The Rebels Patriot and Protector,
 So loose no Royal Smiles can win him,
 So base, the very Devil's in him ;
 'The sower of seditious Seeds,
 The Planter of rebellious Weeds,
 'The quintessence of all that's naught,
 And yet too cunning to be caught ;
 'The subtle Baffler of the Laws,
 'The Bulwark of the Good-Old-Cause,
 The fatal Firebrand of the Nation,
 The Spring of all Abomination,

The

The *Cacafugo* of the Age,
The *Samford* of the Publick Stage,
The broacher of destructive Schism,
The very Tap of Devilism;
Thro' which all sortsof Treasons flow,
That with his Droptick Humours grow,
Yet once was great in the Esteem
Of him that wears the Diadem;
But still when high in Pow'r and Place
The Statesman did the Judge disgrace
And shew his Nature to be base.

Thus Factionous Foes, whom Kings en-
(deavour
So oft to win by Royal Favour,
Tho' Honours make them less severe,
Yet still the Rebel will appear.

To ballance this Contentious Mortal,
Of foul Disempers full, tho' Hearthhole,

60 *The COURT Burlesqu'd*

A *Scot* whose Noddle may as big be,
 As that fam'd Knight's Sir *Kelum Digby*
 And has as muckle Cunning in it,
 As any Lad that wears a Bonnet,
 Is held in favour of the Crown,
 'To bear the rising Faction down;
 Tho' many more, we must agree,
 Are in the Scale as well as he;
 But in the subtile Arts of State
 He truly bears the greatest weight,
 And is the fittest Man of Action,
 'To frustrate the Intrigues of Faction,
 Altho' his blubber Face is such
 A Phiz that does not promise much,
 Yet he has cunning to unrivel
 The very Mysteries of the Devil,
 And knows as well to Countermine
 A Plot, or trayterous Design,

As

The COURT Burlesqu'd. 61

As if he had below been bred,
Where hellish Treasons first are laid;
'Twas he that did advise his Liege,
To send his Son to *Boswel-Bridge*,
That by destroying his own Friends,
His Uncle *T----* might gain his Ends,
And in his Progress win that Favour
His Nephew lost by's rash Behaviour.
'Tis he that chiefly undermines
And blows up all the Whigs Designs,
And by one Stratagem or other,
Secures old *R----* and his Brother;
In ev'ry Exigence does shew
He's no true *Scot*, but *Scot* that's true;
Just to the Int'rest of the Throne,
United wisely with his own,
As faithful to his Popish Friend,
Whose safety is the chiefest End
To which his secret Counsels tend.



62 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

O Scotland! *had thy Sons been all
Like him, you'd stop'd th' unhappy fall
Of Charles, whose Blood will ever be
A witness of thy Treachery.*

Among the rest there is a Peer,
Whose pointed Wit the Courtiers fear ;
For tho' himself more open lies
Than those he loves to scandalize,
Yet for her Theme his wanton Muse
Does always spiteful Satyr chuse.
(*So among Lally Punks, the worst
Will always cry out Whore the first.*)
No kind Amour can pass at Court,
Or Love Intrigue of any sort,
But still his Muse must tell what sporting
Has been of late behind the Curtain,
As if she stood a Pimp to all
That cool'd their Leach'ry at *Whitehal.*
Nor

Nor can old R----- lay aside
Affairs of State and Kingly Pride,
To drink a merry Glass, to drown
The Cares that wait upon a Crown;
Or can he steal one happy Night,
To pass away in Love's Delight,
With Madam N---y or his Dutcheffs,
To come the sooner to his Crutches, }
By tiring Age with his Debauches, }
But presently some witty Flirt
Must sing aloud the M-----s Sport,
That all the factious Town must know
The Secret, where, with whom, and how;
As if His Lordship had a Patent,
To Publish all that should be latent;
And that no other Bard was free
To deal in Bawdy Wit, but he:
Yet, tho' his Poems are so lusheous,
That all the Modest think'em nauseous,
They

Who always takes the Liberty,
Not to spell *Sunt*, with S, but C.
So those who wear the Holy Robes,
That rail so much at Father Hobs,
Because he's so expos'd of late,
The Nakedness of Church and State,
Yet, tho' they do his Books condemn,
They love to buy and read the same.

All have an Itch, from High to Low,
Of knowing what we should not know.
This Noble Peer, so fam'd for writing
Satyrs, so Bawdy and so Biting,
Who for lampooning Church and Crown,
Usurps the Bays from all the Town,
May boast himself, we must allow it,
Lord, Atheist, Mountebank and Poet,
Rake, Coward, Libertine, but yet
A Man of Learning and of Wit ;

Who

66 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Who, to provoke the vicious Age,
 To an insatiate Lustful Rage,
 Expends more time, and takes more pains
 In his licentious tickling Strains,
 With am'rous Fires to lewdly warm us,
 Than all the Prelates to Reform us:
 And, that the World may know the better
 From Mettle fals his Standard Metor,
 He stamps his own Poetick Coin,
 With P, or C, in e'ery Line ;
 And if those taking Marks you miss,
 You may be sure it is not his ;
 For, when he handles Pen and Ink,
 His lusheous Rhimes would make us
 (think,
 They sprang not from Imagination,
 But, in the height of lustful Passion,
 Were got by carnal Copulation.

Such

Such are the Ladies, such the Lords,
That merry C——s alone regards ;
So Tame a P——e, so L---d a Court,
Whose Vices are each others Sport ;
Cuckolds so Cow'rdly and so base,
Lascivious Wives so void of Grace ;
Rebels so daring and so bold,
Cullies so foolish, tho' so old ;
Knaves so successful and secure,
Merit so slighted and so poor ;
A factious undermining Crew,
So Pious and Rebellious too ;
Such Stars could surely never shine,
O C——s! round any T----e but Thine :
Thy great example prompt each Spouse
To make a Jest of Marriage-Vows ;
Encourages each Beauteous Dame
To Sin, without the fear of Shame ;

Makes

68 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Makes all Thy P---s turn Keeping C----s,
To imitate Thy P-----ly Follies.

Go on, Good C-----s, that we, in time,
May see Adultery deem'd no Crime,
And Marriage cease, thro'out the Nation,
To be a Lawful Obligation.

For who can blame us, if we stray,
Since R----l G-----fs leads the way.



A
PROPOSAL

Humbly offered for the

FARMING

Liberty of Conscience.

Written in the Year 1663. By *Samuel*
Butler, Author of *Hudibras*.

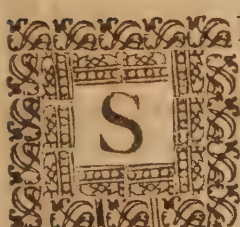


L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1714.



*A Proposal for the Farming
Liberty of Conscience.*

INCE nothing can be dearer unto poor Christians than *Liberty*, or the free exercise of their *Judgments* and *Consciences*, the pursuit of which Happiness hath kindled that fire in the Bowels of the three Kingdoms, which all the precious Blood that hath been shed, during the late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish: And since many of *Us*, whose Names are affixed, were so profitably instrumental in those late Combustions, as
appears

72 *A Proposal for the Farming*

appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable House of Parliament, in the Years 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46. in exciting the good People of this Nation, to seek and maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and *Antichristian Imposition* whatsoever. And considering that the Little Finger of Apostasie from our first Love, would be a greater Burden upon our *Tender Consciences*, than the Loyns of Episcopacy. We being more bound in Honour than *Conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any Man fear or so much as suspect, lest any Inconvenience or Alteration should happen in Religion, by the great diversity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolerated among us, unless in the great *Babel* of *Episcopacy*, that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this our *notable Confusion*; for, if the Gospel was wonderfully spread abroad by every Mans speaking in his own Language, and the very Enemies thereof astonished, and miraculously wrought into a Belief of it; how it is likely to be now obstructed in the free
exercise

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE. 73

exercise of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* Tongues.

And since many worthy Persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their Goodness and Clemency, are pleased to encline to some *Liberty*, did not some Persons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Commonwealth* of *Israel*, take up a Reproach against us, as Persons reprobated into an impossibility of submission to Principles of *Concord, Peace, and Order*, in Church or State, never being able hitherto to come to any Consistency amongst our selves; The Ark of God having for twenty Years together, been exposed to By-ways, Streets, and worse places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much Favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the Bishops would but honour us before the People, We would in a private Christian way, lay our hands upon our hearts, and acknowledge the hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vine-
E yard,

74 A PROPOSAL for Farming

yard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the Iniquity of our Heels to overtake us ; crying out with Reverend Mr. Calamy, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us* ; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the People will yet believe these to be only Bears-skins lap'd about us by Episcopal Hands: And therefore, to the end that a *Consistency*, and *Oneness* of Judgment of the whole seperating Brethren, and their Moderation, may be known unto all Men, and that the World may know, that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us ;

I*T is humbly proposed to the Sole Power of granting Licenses and Indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick, may be vested in the Persons under-named, for the Term of seven Years, under the Farm Rent of an Hundred Thousand Pounds per An. to Commence from the twenty-fifth Day of March next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.*

The

The Names of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*; proposed on Monday March 2. 1662. being the Day of a private Fast, kept by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others, at Mr. *Beal's* House, near My Lord of *Ely's* Chappel, in *Holbourn*.

Mr. *Edmund Calamy*.

Mr. *Tilham*, late of *Colchester*.

Mr. *Philip Nye*.

Mr. *Feak*.

Mr. *Stanley of Dorchester*.

George Fox, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of *James Nailor*, deceased.

Dr. *Lazarus Seaman*.

Mr. *Dell*, late of *Cambridge*.

Dr. *Owen*.

Mr. *Bryan*, late of *Coventry*.

Mr. *Matthew Mead*.

Mr. *John Coppin*.

Dr. *Manton*.

Mr. *Kiffen*.

The Executor of Mr. *Venner*, lately Executed.

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Mr. Thomas Case.

Mr. Reynor, late of Lincoln.

Mr. Ralph Venning.

Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Benn, late of Dorchester.

Mr. George Griffith, late of Charterhouse.

The Executor of Hugh Peters, lately Executed.

Mr. George Newton, late of Taunton.

Mr. Dan. Dyke, late of Hertfordshire.

Mr. William Jenkins.

Mr. Fisher, late of Kent.

Dr. Thomas Goodwin.

Mr. Hammond, late of Newcastle.

Mr. Peter Sterry.

Mr. Bridges, late of Yarmouth.

Mr. Joseph Carryll.

Mr. Tombes, late of Lemster.

Mr. Leigh, late of Lombard-street.

Mr. Mayo, late of Kingston.

Mr. Joshua Sprigg.

Mr. Henry Jessey.

Mr. Newcomen of Dedham in Essex.

Dr. Tuckney of Cambridge,

Dr. Cornelius Burges.

Mr. Zachary Crofton.

r. Holmes.

Mr.

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Mr. John Cann:

Mr. Thomas Brooks:

That the Persons aforesaid may be constituted *Grand Commissioners*, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, and may be impowred to set up one publick Office within the City of *London*, and to nominate and elect a convenient number of Registers, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more certainty of all *Certificates* to be granted as is hereafter appointed, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* may form a Common Seal to be known, and called by the common Name of *The Publick Seal of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An Ass without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas*: And the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*, or any twenty four of them in the said Office assembled, may, from time to time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any

E. 3 Person.

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Person or Persons, under such Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or any twenty four of them, may constitute and appoint, under the Publick Seal of the Office, Sub-Commissioners, and other Officers, for every County within the said Kingdom, not exceeding the number of twelve, for each County, whereof seven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any Person or Persons, Select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Parishes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the Great, or otherwise, within their respective Countries, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mentioned.

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Rates to be observed in all Copositions for Liberty of Conscience.

Per Annum.

A Presbyterian Minister.	5 0 0
A Ruling Elder.	4 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A Common Hearer only.	1 0 0
An Independant Pastor.	5 0 0
A Teaching Elder.	4 0 0
A Helper in Government.	3 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
A Baptist, admitted to the Administration of all Ordinances.	5 0 0
A Preaching Assistant.	4 0 0
An Elder in Office.	3 0 0
A Deacon.	2 0 0
A Hearer, in Fellowship, Male or Female, to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth.	5 0 0

E 4.

An

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An Elder, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Deacon, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her Estate, 2 s. per l. per annum.	
A common Hearer, Male or Female, in Fellowship, according to the value of his or her Estate, 12 d. per l. per annum.	
A Speaking Male Quaker.	4 0 0
A Speaking Female Quaker.	3 0 0
A common Quak. Male or Female.	2 0 0
A Confessor.	6 0 0
A Seminary of Mass-Priests at large.	5 0 0
A Private Mass-Priest.	4 0 0
A Rom. Cath. in any other Order.	3 0 0
A Roman Catholick, not in Order, Male or Female.	1 0 0
An Officer under any Administration not mention'd in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of England, such only excepted as stand Conformable to the Church of England.	5 0 0

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A common Person under any Administration not mentioned in the Rates aforeſaid, being a Native of *England*, ſuch only excepted as ſtand Conformable to the Church of *England*. 200

An Officer, under any Administration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except Conformable to the Church of *England*. 1000

A private Perſon, under any Administration whatſoever, not a Native of *England*, except Conformable to the Church of *England*. 500

Rates to be obſerved, in Compounding for Liberty of Conſcience, in the Particulars following, viz.

For Liberty to aſſert the Pope's Supremacy. 1000

For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach againſt the Government, as they ſhall be inwardly moved. 500

E 5 For

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- For Liberty to keep on their Hats
before Magistrates, or in Courts
of Judicature. 2 0 0
- For Liberty to rail publicly a-
gainst the Bishops and Com-
mon-Prayer. 1 0 0
- For Liberty to refuse all manner
of Oaths of Allegiance and
Supremacy, or in Cases Civil
or Criminal. 2 0 0
- For Liberty to deny Tythes, and
other Church-Duties. 1 0 0
- For Liberty to expound the *Reve-
lations*, and the Book of *Da-
niel*. 1 0 0
- For Liberty to disturb any Con-
gregation after Sermon. 0 10 0
- For Liberty to assert the Solemn
League and Covenant. 1 5 0
- For Liberty to instruct Youth in
the short Catechism, set forth
by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any Person or Persons, gifted
for any the Particulars abovesaid, may
have Liberty therein; either as an *Iti-
nerate*, in Private or Publick, at the
Rates abovesaid.

That

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That no Person or Persons be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, until he, or they, have first taken, and subscribed to the solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. Do here solemnly protest, That I judge my self still bound by the solemn League and Covenant, by the Engagement, by private Church-Covenant, or by any other Vow which I have taken ever since the Year 1641. And that, so far as with safety to my Person and Estate I may, I will endeavour the utter Extirpation of Episcopacy; and, to the utmost of my Power, will abett and promote all Schisme, Faction and Discord, both in Church and State, according to the best form and manner, prescribed and laid open in the Sermons of many of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers, before the Parliament, appointed to be Printed, and now called, The Homilies of the Separated

rated Churches. And that I will never, by what Conviction of Authority soever, whether Legal or Episcopal, ever consent to the Establish'd Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England.

And I do likewise believe, That Liberty of Conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable Talent, committed to the Churches, and that it may be lawfully farmed out for Advantage and Improvement.

That no Person, within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, or Town of *Berwick*, may, from, and after the twenty fifth Day of *March* next, use or exercise any manner of *Liberty of Conscience*, except Persons standing conformable to the Church of England; until such Person or Persons shall first take the Solemn Protestation, and shall Compound with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, for *Liberty of Conscience*, nor shall he be admitted or permitted to be a *Speaker* or *Hearer*, in any Meeting or Assemblies whatsoever. That

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That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to constitute, under the Publick Seal of the said Office, a convenient number of *Spiritual Gagers*, who may have and exercise all such Powers, Privileges and Authorities, as the *Gagers* for Excise of Beer and Ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any time, in case of Suspicion, enter into any House or Place, Publick or Private, to *Gage* and *try the Spirits* and *Affections* of any Person or Persons; and by *Praying*, *Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, dissuade from *Episcopacy*, and the *Common-Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to Compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to Fine any Person or Persons, (not exceeding the Sum of Twenty Pounds for every Offence) who shall, after Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, and subscribing the *Solemn Protestation*, be present in any Church or Chappel, within the Kingdom

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dom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, in the time of any part of Divine Service, *unless at the Funeral of his Father*, or some other like Occasion, he shall either respond, be uncovered, or carry himself reverently in the Time of Divine Service aforesaid.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, or any twenty four of them, assembled at the Office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *Jurisdiction of Appeal*, in all Matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the said Kingdom of *England*, and shall have a conclusive Power, in all Matters brought before them, by way of Appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better Management of all such Matters as shall be brought judicially before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, by way of Appeal, the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers shall have Power to constitute and appoint Mr. *Oliver St. Johns*, and such others as they judge fit for their said Service, to be of Standing-Council
with

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE. 87

with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers: And the said Mr *Oliver St. Johns*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the said Office, shall, and may be exempted and discharged from being in any Publick Office, or Place of Trust or Profit, for the said Term of seven Years, any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Person or Persons shall happen to be Proceeded against, in any of the *Ecclesiastical Courts* of the Bishops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for *Non-payment of Tythes*, and other Church-Duties, for *publick Railing against the Bishops*, the *Common-Prayer*, or the *Government of the Church of England*, or shall speak *Opprobriously* or *Scandalously* against the *Doctrine* or *Discipline* thereof, as *Antichristian*, or shall maintain any Positions or Doctrines contrary thereunto; every such Person producing a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers under the publick Seal of the said Office, that such Person or Persons are
under

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under Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, shall actually be discharged, and all farther Proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Persons shall happen to be Indicted, or criminally Proceeded against, in any of His Majesty's Courts at *Westminster*, or elsewhere, within the Kingdom of *England*, either for *Treasonable Speeches*, or *Practices*, for publick railing at the Government, or for *Scandalous Words* against either or both Houses of Parliament, or for transgressing any of the penal Laws and Statutes of this Kingdom, Every such Person or Persons, producing a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, under the publick Seal of the said Office, that such Person or Persons are under Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*; and that such Words or Practices were not spoken or acted *malitiose*, but were only the natural and proper Effects and Product of *Liberty of Conscience*, shall be discharged, and all further Pro-

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Proceedings stayed; any thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power from time to time, to Ordain *Pastors, Elders, and Deacons*, or any other Officers, under any Administration whatsoever, by the laying on of the Publick Seal of the Office: Which said Imposition of the said Publick Seal being received with a Certificate, shall be as Lawful an Ordination, as if every such Person had received Imposition from the Hands of the *Presbytery*; any late Usage or Custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power, from time to time, to set apart Days of publick Fastings, and Humiliation, and Thanksgiving; on which Days it may be lawful for any Person or Persons appointed, to Officiate before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, to stir up the People to a Holy Indignation against themselves, for having, by their want of Zeal and Brotherly Kind-

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Kindness one towards another, lost many *Precious Enjoyments*; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loss of the late *Power* and *Dominion*, which with the Expence of so much *Blood* and *Rapine*, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation, and great Thoughts of Heart, the Divisions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, such an Evil Spirit should be found in the midst of us, as to fall out by the way; might it have been with those that abode by the Stuff, as with those that went out to the Battle, it had not been with us as at this Day. Some starting aside, like a broken Bow, in the Year 48; others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60, being harness'd, did then turn their Backs in the Day of Battle: As was most sweetly handled at the Fast kept Yesterday, at Mr. *Beal's*, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and others.

That the twentieth Day of *April* next, commonly called *Easter Monday*, be kept as a Day of Solemn Fasting and Humiliation, for a Blessing upon these

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE. 91

these *Gospel-Undertakings*; and that Mr. *Edmund Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Doctor *Lazarus Seaman*, and Mr. *Feake*, be desired to carry on the Work of the Day in Prayer and Preaching, before the said Grand Farmers; and that the Particulars following be recommended to their Consideration in the work of the Day.

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| 1. To Bewail, | { | 1. <i>All our Court Sins.</i>
2. <i>Our Bishops Sins.</i>
3. <i>Our Monks Sins.</i>
4. <i>Our Common Prayer Sins.</i> |
|---------------|---|--|

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--|
| 2. To Divert, | { | 1. <i>Westminster - Hall Judgments.</i>
2. <i>Our Old - Bailey Judgments.</i>
3. <i>Our Tower - Hill Judgments.</i>
4. <i>Our Charing-Cross Judgments.</i>
5. <i>Our Tyburn Judgments.</i> |
|---------------|---|--|

Last.

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Lastly, For Deliverance from the Hand of *Dun*, that uncircumcised Philistine.

That the said Grand Commissioners, and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to build Churches and Chappels in any Place or Places, except upon such Ground where Churches or Chappels do already stand, in regard of the Inconvenience of setting up *Altar against Altar*: And so much as the Custom of reading some part of the Holy Bible before Sermon, commonly called First and Second Lessons, hath been found Fruitless, That therefore the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, may have Power to appoint instead thereof, the *Annual* reading of those *Sermons* Preached by many of the said *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, before the *Parliament*, upon Special Occasions of Thanksgiving and Humiliation, from the Year 1641, to the Year 1648. Which said *Sermons* may be called, *The Homilies of the Separating Churches*.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power to require

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require Mr. *Gilbert Millington*, and Mr. *Luke Robinson*, the lame Evangelist, to deliver up all such Articles, Orders, Books, Papers, and other Writings, as were transacted before the late Committee for Plundered Ministers; and likewise, all such as were passed and transacted before Mr. *Philip Ney*, and some others of the now *Grand Commissioners and Farmers*, and heretofore called, *Commissioners*, or, *Spiritual Tryers*, to the end the said Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers, may be Printed and Published, and may be kept at the said Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of *Canons* of the Separated Churches.

All this being done, we may upon *Scripture Grounds* expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to Us, and our Children after us, to see the Travail of our Souls, and to set us into the Promised Land, and to reap some of those Clusters of the Grapes of *Canaan*, which, with so much Labour and Toil of Body and Mind, were planted, especially in the Years
of

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of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45, by many of Us, and other *Precious* Saints and Ministers of the Gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of those Labours, the Lord having in that Day put a mighty Spirit into Us, and set us as Watchmen upon the Towers of Israel, to cry mightily, *Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly.* Grant that those *Heart-breaking Labours* of Ours, those *King-destroying Labours*, those *Kingdom-ruining Labours*, those *Gospel-scandalizing Labours*, those *Church-subverting Labours*, those *Soul-confounding Labours* of Ours may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the King, upon the Hearts of the *Bishops*, upon the Heart of the *Parliament*, and upon the Hearts of all the *People*, from *Dan* to *Beerseba*, that so in God's good time, we may receive our Reward Seven-fold into our own Bosoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays,

S. Butler.
The

The Round-Heads Resolution.

WHereas we are, thro' our great
Ignorance and *Obstinacy* grown
 to a most *Seditious* and *Malignant*
Head, and the Horns of that Head
 (tho' of a main length) not able to sup-
 port our *Arrogant Faction*, as appears
 by our last being soundly slash'd and
 bastinado'd, by a mad Crew called the
Cavaliers; and whereas a great part
 of *Us* have shut up our Shops, because
 we could no longer keep them open;
 which kind of shutting up, proceedeth
 commonly from our vast Expence in
White-broaths, *Custards*, and other
Luxurious Dishes, provided for the
 Edification one of another. And
 whereas the Multitude called, *True*
Protestants, endeavour to hold up
 Bishops, to maintain good Order, Di-
 scipline, and Orthodox Preaching in
 the Church; *Learning* and *Arts* in
 the *Universities*, and *Peace* in the *Com-*
monwealth; all which is nothing but
Idolatry, *Superstition*, *Profaneness*,
 and *plain Popery*: And further, where-
 as

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as we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in most scandalous manner termed *Holy Brethren*, the *Zealots of the Land*, and which in sincerity we never were, or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane World of *True Protestants*, are a stiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto *Us* the Preheminence of *Doctrine* and *Religion*, notwithstanding the many Senceless Two Hours of those *Spiritual Trumpets* of *Our Faction*, the Sanctified *Clergy-Lecturers*, or of *Our* more Divine Lectures of our Supreme *She-Lecturers*, whose Bowels do even earne for the getting in of the Saints unto *Us*, and have, as it were, even a zealous lusting after *Us*.

And forasmuch as the *Religion* professed by *Us*, is the purest and most decent, as appears by the great Love and Community betwixt the Brethren and the Sisters, the Conveniency of the *Woods*, *Saw-pits*, and *Dark Places*, the putting out *Lights*, and defying those *Tapers of Iniquity*, which cause us to behold our own *Wicked Deeds*,
the

the goodly bigness of the *Ear*, with the shortness of the *Hair*, which hindereth not the Sound of the Shepherds Voice, but easily heareth them call to a great Feast, amongst the Rich Saints; the length and sharpness of the *Nose*, which not only smelleth the sweet Savours of the Holy *Plumb-broth*, but also promiseth an eager Appetite to some good Work towards the *Younger Sisters*; the roundness of the *Band*, the length of the Doublet, and the shortness of the *Breeches*, being a Habit correspondent to the Pictures of the Apostles in the *Geneva* Print; the mightiness of our *Faith*, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood; the transparency of our *Charity*, that is so invisible, that neither the Right Hand nor the Left ever knew it; the Multitude of our *Good Works* which no Man living can number, the *Godly* Works of our tautological Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to Divine Consumption, whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return home, or the Priests in the Arras; the defying of all Fathers, Bishops,

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and Doctors, Conformable Persons, Canonical Robes, Ecclesiastical Gestures, and Utensils, all Learning, Liberal Arts and Degrees, as the Rags of Superstition, the Dregs of Popery, are abominable in the goggle Eyes of a right *Round-head*; and yet this *simple Innocent* Profession is scorned and baffled, and by whom, but by *Scholars*, and such as profess Learning? which is no more necessary to Religion, than a Publick Church (which verily) is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much reason, and therefore are utterly against our *tender Consciences*, and never were allowed by any Synod of *Moor-fields* or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain, and desire to have confirmed, and never to be alter'd (till some new Toy tickle us in the *Pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenants, and Mannors, before-mentioned, be established and maintained against all *Reason*

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son, Learning Divinity, Order, Discipline, Morality, Piety, or Humanity whatsoever.

2. That the very Name of *Bishops*, shall be a sufficient *Fury* and *Judge*, to Condemn any of them, without any further Evidence or Circumstance.

3. That if any Man whatsoever, having knowledge in the *Latin Tongue* (being a Popish Language) shall presume to think he can save a Soul by Preaching, he shall be *Excommunicated* both in this World and in the World to come ; unless it be some certain *Lecturers*, of whose approved *Railing* and *Ignorance*, we are well assured, and have known to stand *six Hours* on a Fasting Day.

4. That the *Felt-maker* and the *Cobler*, two innocent *Cuckolds* may be instituted *Primates* and *Metropolitans* of the two *Arch-Provinces*, and the rest of the *Sect* preserved, according to their Imbecilities of Spirit, to such *Bishopricks* and other Livings, as will competently serve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their insatiate Stomachs, in which regard,

100 A PROPOSAL for Farming, &c.

Church-Livings had more need to be increased, than diminished.

5. That no man whatsoever, who bears the Name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a *Cuckold*, unless he cut his Hair, and alter his Profession; but be excluded from the *Conventicles*, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. Lastly, That there be two whole Days set apart to Fast and Pray for the Confusion of all that are not thus resolved.



A Caveat to the Round-Heads.

I Come to charge ye
 That slight the Clergy,
 And pull the Mitre from the Prelate's
 That you will be wary, (Head,
 Lest you miscarry, (bred ;
 In all these factious humours you have
 But as for Brownists we'll have none,
 But take them all and hang them one by
 (one.

Your wicked Actions,
 Join'd in Factions, (due ;
 Are all but aims to rob the King of his
 Then give this Reason
 For your Treason, (you ;
 That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by
 Then leave these Factions, zealous Bro-
 (ther,
 Least you be hanged one against another.

Your Wit abounded,
 Gentle Round-Head,
 When you abus'd the Bishops in a Ditty,
 When as you Sanged,
 You must be Hanged,
 A Timpany of Malice made you witty,
 And, tho' your hot Zeal made you bold,
 When you are hang'd, your Arse will be
 (a cold.

Then leave confounding,
 And expounding
 The Doctrine that you preach in Tubs,
 You raise this Warring,
 And private Farring, (Clubs.
 I doubt, in time, will prove the Knave of
 It's for your Lying, and not for your
 (Oaths,
 You shall be hang'd, and Ketch shall have
 (your Cloaths.

THE

THE
ASSEMBLY-MAN.

Written by
Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD,
In the Year 1647.



LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1714.





The Assembly-Man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *States* Chattels: nor *Priest*, nor *Burges*s, but a *Participle* that sharks upon both. He was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession: not by the Votes of a Whole Diocese, but by one Whole Parliament-Man. He has Sate four Years, towards a new Religion, but in the Interim left none at all: As his Masters, the *Commons*, had a long Debate, whether *Candles* or no *Candles*, but all the mean while they

fate still in the Dark: And therefore
 when the Moon quits her old Light,
 and has acquir'd no new, Astronomers
 say she is in her *Synodes*; shew me such
 a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*,
 (a griping, false, reforming Brother
 rails at *Waste* spent upon the *Anointed*,
 Persecutes most those Hands which Or-
 dain'd him, brings in *Men with*
Swords and Staves; and all for Mo-
 ney from the Honourable *Scribes* and
Pharisees,) one Touch more (a Line
 tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-Tree*)
 had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch.
 This *Assembly* at first was a full Cen-
 tury, which should be reckon'd as the
 Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet,
 not Heads; or count them by Scores,
 for in Things without Heads Six-score
 go to an Hundred, they would be a
 new *Septuagint*; the old Translated
 Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*,
 these turn in to *Four Shillings a Day*.
 And these *Assemblers* were begot in one
 Day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all
 in one Night. Their first List was
 sprinkled with some Names of Ho-
 nour, (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*,
 Dr.

Dr. Hammond, &c.) but these were Divines, too worthy to mix with such Scandalous Ministers, and would not Assemble, without the Royal Call. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop Brownrigg was then but Elect.) But now their Assembly (as Philosophers think the World) consists of Atoms, petty small Levites, whose Parts are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated England (for a Man sometimes grows Drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in Africk, by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr. Selden visits them (as Persians use) to see wild Asses fight: when the Commons have tir'd him with their new Law, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravel'd 'twixt Jerusalem and Jericho, they knew not the distance 'twixt those two Places; one cry'd twenty Miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that Fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem Market: Mr. Selden smil'd
and.

and said, *Perhaps the Fish was Salt-Fish*; and so stop'd their Mouths. Earl *Philip* goes thither to hear them *spend*; when he heard them tofs their *National, Provincial, Classical, Congregational*; he swore damnably, that a Pack of good Dogs made better Musick: His Allusion was proper, since the *Elder's Maid* had a Four-legg'd Husband. To speak Truth, this *Assembly* is the *Two Houses* Tiring-Room, where the *Lords* and the *Commons* put on their Vizards and Masques of Religion. And Their *Honours* have so *Costed* the Church, that at last they have found the *Bran* of the Clergy: Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and Shuffle, though they find Church-Government may a thousand ways be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. These have lately Publish'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their first Note (on the Word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings, for creating of Honours. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's* two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one Man's Supper*: but He had (say they)

but

but one Kid, and the other made Sauce. They observe upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two Years old, without giving them legal Tryal, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the Geneva Margin, as those Sea-Men who understood not the Compass crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the Interim thrust forth a paultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and Eleven Articles of the *Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops Names to pick out the Number 666! little dreaming that a whole Baker's Dozen of their own Assembly have that beastly number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League and Covenant* consists of 666 Words. But tho' the *Assembler's* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he Damned such as held two Benefices, while himself has four or five, besides his Concubine Lecture. He is
not

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not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other Mens; and observes how the *Hebrew Word* for *Life* has no singular Number. Yet it is some Relief to a sequestred Person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an *'Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up thro' a Window of *Sequestration*, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars, by Clandestine Contracts with an expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws died in *England* the Year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in *Silver Chains*. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her Streets are of *sine Gold*; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* pav'd with the *Philosopher's Stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Set made of all *Diamonds*: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the

Loyal

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Loyal Clergy, whom he dresses as he would have them appear, just as the Ballad of *Dr. Faustus* brings forth the Devil, in a *Friar's Weed*. He accused one Minister for saying, *the blessed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (*Θεοτοκος*, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water these twenty-six Years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears, tho' their Husbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that to eat *Creatures alive will perpetuate Man's Life*) the *Assembler* were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children, and devours *Lives* as well as *Living's*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province where *None might Marry till he had killed twelve Christians*. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant-General *Cromwel* (as *Indians* to the Devil;) for he saw how *Oliver* first threw----, then---- and can with a Wink do as much for----: Like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on a *Calf* grew strong

strong enough for a *Bull*, and could with ease give a Lift to an *Asse*. The Great *Turk* was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate the *Assemblys* Proceedings against the *Christians*; He ordered them Thanks for Licensing his *Alcoran* to be Printed in *English*; but hearing *Ottoman Cromwel* had talked of *Marching to the Walls of Constantinople*, that Embassy was stopt. The only difference 'twixt the *Assembler* and a *Turk* is, that one plants Religion by the *Power of the Sword*, and the other by the *Power of the Cymeter*. Nay, the greatest Strife in their whole Conventicle, is, who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a *Sepulchre*, having not only Plunder'd but Anatomis'd all the true Clergy; whose Torment is heighten'd in being destroyed by such dull Instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a *wooden Saw*. The *Assembler* wonders that the King and his Friends live still in hope; he thinks them all in *St. Clement's Case*; Drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his Neck. He has now got Power to
visit

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visit the *Universities*, where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind Man who saw *Men* like *Trees*) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch *Ordinance*. The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A Man would think the *Two Houses* intend to Transport the *Universities*, since they load Asses with College-Revenues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves *Heads*, they are rather *Hands* of Colleges, for they all are Takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are Expell'd the two *Universities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Country by Rats and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced, as *Arrow-smith's* Glass-Eye sees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a Benefice, for the *Assemblies* Balance is the *Lake of Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *As-*
sembler

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sembler talks all that he and his Friends can say, (though his best *medium* to prove Presbyters more ancient than Bishops, is that *Scribes, Pharisees, Priests* and *Elders* were before the *Apostles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Lancy*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchen, he had Hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her *clutch'd Fist*, and rails at *Philosophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean Man) who in his Preface to the Reader, says, *that St. Paul had read Eustathius upon Homer*, though the *Apostle* died a thousand Years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assemblers* Diet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for thirteen Pence: But this sharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds *gratis* with his City-Landlord,

Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach, and News ; for which Cram'd Capons Cram him. He screws into Families where is some Rich Daughter or Heir ; but whoever takes him into their Bosom, will Die like *Cleopatra*. When it rains he is Coach'd (a Classis of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of three, two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cap of shorn Hair shoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught fast hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his Tythe at *Easter*, which he boils at each Sermon. He has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reaches but his Pockets :

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Pockets: When he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his Shoulders, and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of Sin* with the Triple Crown? You would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blue, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: But of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colours. His two longest things are his *Nails* and his *Prayers*. But the cleanest thing about him is his Pulpit Cushion, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him Right, commonly he wears a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the Cymbal for the Tinkling. If his Pulpit be large he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with a Ruff) when he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepar'd to Preach in another World, he seems in a Slumber, then in a Dream, then

then rumbles a while, at last founds forth, and then throws so much Dirt and Nonsense towards Heaven, as he durst not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scripture bids him *not curse the King in his Thought*, he does it in his Pulpit, by word of Mouth; though Heaven strike him Dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill at Cambridge*, who, while he prayed, *Depose him, O Lord, who would Depose us*, was made the *Dumb Devil*. This (one would think) should gargle his foul Mouth. For his only Hope why God should hear him against the King, is, the Devil himself (that great *Assembler*) was heard against *Job*. His whole Prayer is such an irrational Bleating, that (without a Metaphor) 'tis the *Calves of his Lips*: And commonly 'tis larded with fine new Words, as *Savingable, Muchly, Christ-Jesusness*, &c. and yet he has the Face to Preach against *Prayer in an unknown Tongue*. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing: But that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over Nonsense, as an empty

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empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When the King girt round the Earl of *Essex* at *Lestythiel*, an *Assembler* complained, that God had drawn his People into the *Wilderness*, and told him, *He was bound in Honour to feed them; for, Lord*, said he, *since thou givest them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs.* He tore the *Liturgy*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a Devil without a *Circle*;) and now if he see the Book of *Common-Prayer*, the Fire fees it next, as sure as those Bishops were burned who Compiled it. Yet he has Mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meters* are Sung without Authority (no *Statute*, *Canon*, or *Injunction* at all;) only like himself, first crept into *Private Houses*, and then into *Churches*. *Mr. Rous* moved those *Meters* might be sequestred, and his own new *Rithmes* to enjoy the sequestration; but was refused, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; besides, when *Rous* stood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true, they have a
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Directory, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the Original for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the *Directory Needle* points *North* and *South*. The *Assembler's* only Ingenuity is, that he prays for an *extempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tells him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apostle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into Dear Brethren and Sisters. For his usual Auditory is most part Female; and as many Sisters flock to him, as at *Paris* on *Saint Margaret's Day*, when all come to Church that are, or hope to be with Child that Year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one part fight against another: or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's House*, not into Parts but Tenements; that is, so as 'twill yield most Money. And properly they are Tenements; for each part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a Quarter; and so his Text is rather let out than Divided.

ded. Yet sometimes (to shew his Skill in *Keckerman*) he *Butchers* a Text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sence and Words all to pieces, and then they are not divided, but shattered, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's* Lance. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold, in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independant*, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his *Use is still to save his Benefice and augment his Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as *naked as Truth*; and therefore hates a Personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simpering way of Expressions, he calls a Married Couple, *Saints that enjoy the Mystery*; and a Man Drunk, is a *Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding-Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church

Church at *Leyden*) shews *Adam* and *Eve* without Fig-leaves. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven ; but his chief Mark of a *Child of God*, is, *to be good to God's Ministers*. And hence it is he calls his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his Hearers *Necessity* but their *Palat* ; for 'tis to feed himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the People's Hum, as a Collar of Bells to cheer up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder he'll Preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears ;) for he is such an *Αβελπερονόκκυξ*, that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is Death. Yet though you hear him three Hours, he'll ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity *because he eats four pound of Bread at a Meal*. 'Twas from his Larum the *Watchmakers* learn'd their *infinite Screw*. His Glas and Text are equally handled, that is, once an Hour : Nay, sometimes he falls and never returns, and then we should leave

G him

him to the Company of *Lorimers* for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak, than him to hold his Peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-Hand-Men*, who have the Patience to write from his Mouth: Had they the Art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consists in finding a way to speak nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seignior's* Power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing*, and *Nothing to purpose*, are all one. I wonder in Conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He Preaches indeed both in Season and out of Season; for he rails at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery; and would cry out, *Fire, Fire,*

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Fire, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so acts with his Hands, that in this Sense too his Preaching is an *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that Plays are put down while he can Preach; save only his *Sermons* have worse Sense and less Truth. But he blew down the Stage and preach'd up the Scaffold. And very wisely, lest Men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Similes*, (the only thing wherein he is commendable, St. *Paul* himself having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistakes *Sobs* and *Sighs* for *Eggs* and *Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and streight is *illuminated*, that is Mad; his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this empty windy Teacher has *Lectured* a War quite round the Kingdom: He has found a Circulation of Blood for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for

Preservation) of Mankind. 'Twas easy to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all Corporations: For, as Multitude of Frogs preface a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*. Men come to Church as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in chinks and clefts of Church-Walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assembler*? grown from Schisms, (which himself begot) and, if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd, *Christ's Minister* and Saint, as the Rebels against King *John* were the *Army of God*. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile, for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the People; such gross, low Impostors, that we die the Death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Muskhromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning, (some excuse for a Seduced Church)

those

those were *Scholars*, but these, *Assent-
blers*; whose very Brains (as *Mani-
chæus's* Skin) are stuff'd with *Chaff*.
For they Study little, and Preach
much, ever sick of a *Diabetes*: Nor
do they *Read*, but *Weed* Authors,
picking up cheap and refuse Notes,
that, with *Caligula*, they gather Coc-
kle-Shells, and, with *Domitian*, retire
into their Study to catch Flies. At
Fasts and *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler*
is the State's Trumpet; for then he
doth not *Preach*, but is *Blown*; pro-
claims News very loud, the Trumpet
and his Forehead being both of one
Mettle. (And yet, good Man, he still
prays for *Boldness*.) He hackneys out
his Voice, like a Cryer; and is a kind
of *Spiritual Agitant*, receives Orders
and spreads them. In earnest, the
States can't want this Tool, for with-
out him the *Saints* would scarce *As-
semble*. And if the Zealots chance to
fly out, they are charm'd home by this
Sounding Brass. There is not on Earth
a baser Sycophant; for he ever is chew-
ing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells
the People how *savoury* it is; like
G 3 him.

him who lick'd up the Emperor's Spit-
tle, and swore 'twas sweet. Would
the *Two Houses* give him *Cathedral
Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Com-
mons* to be *Jure Divino*: But, should
they offer him the *Self-denying-Ordi-
nance*, he would justify the Devil, and
curse them to their Faces, (his Brother
Kirk-Man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis
pleasant to observe how finely they play
into each others Hands; *Marshal* pro-
cures thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*,
(for his great Pains;) *Sedgwick* obtains
as much for *Marshal*, and so they all
pimp for one another. But yet (to
their great comfort be it spoken) their
whole seven Years Sermons at *West-
minster*, are now to be sold in *Fetter-
Lane* and *Pyecorner*. Before a Bat-
tle the *Assembler* ever speaks to the
Soldiers, and the holding up of his
Hand s must be as necessary as *Moses's*
against the *Amalikites*: For he pricks
them on, tells them that *God loves none
but the valiant*; but when Bullets
fly, himself runs first, and then crys,
All the Sons of Adam are Cowards!
Were there any *Metempsychosis* his
Soul

Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole Comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure as *Satan* hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and is the Devil's Devil: He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens*. He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets; and now (like his Sultan) has a Sham-ble in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid you may there read how *St. Lawrence* died, and think the *Three Children* were delivered from his Face. This is *St. Hugh* who will Level the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's an Asse*. Yoke these Brethren, and they two couple like a *Saducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahumetans. But the *Assembler's* deepest, highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to damn or beggar the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who only persuades, but the *Assembler* forces to *Perjury* or *Starving*. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one
G. 4. Day.

Day sink both him and his Faction :
 For he and his *Oath* are so much one,
 that were he half hang'd and let down
 again, his first Word would be *Cove-*
nant ! Covenant !

But I forget, a *Character* should be
 brief (though *tedious Length* be his best
 Character.) Therefore I'll give ye
 (what he denies the Sequestred Clergy)
 but a *fifth Part* : For weigh him single
 and he has the Pride of three Tyrants,
 the Forehead of six Goalers, and the
 Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him
 in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly*
 is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six do-
 zen of Schismaticks spends two Hours
 for four Shillings apiece.

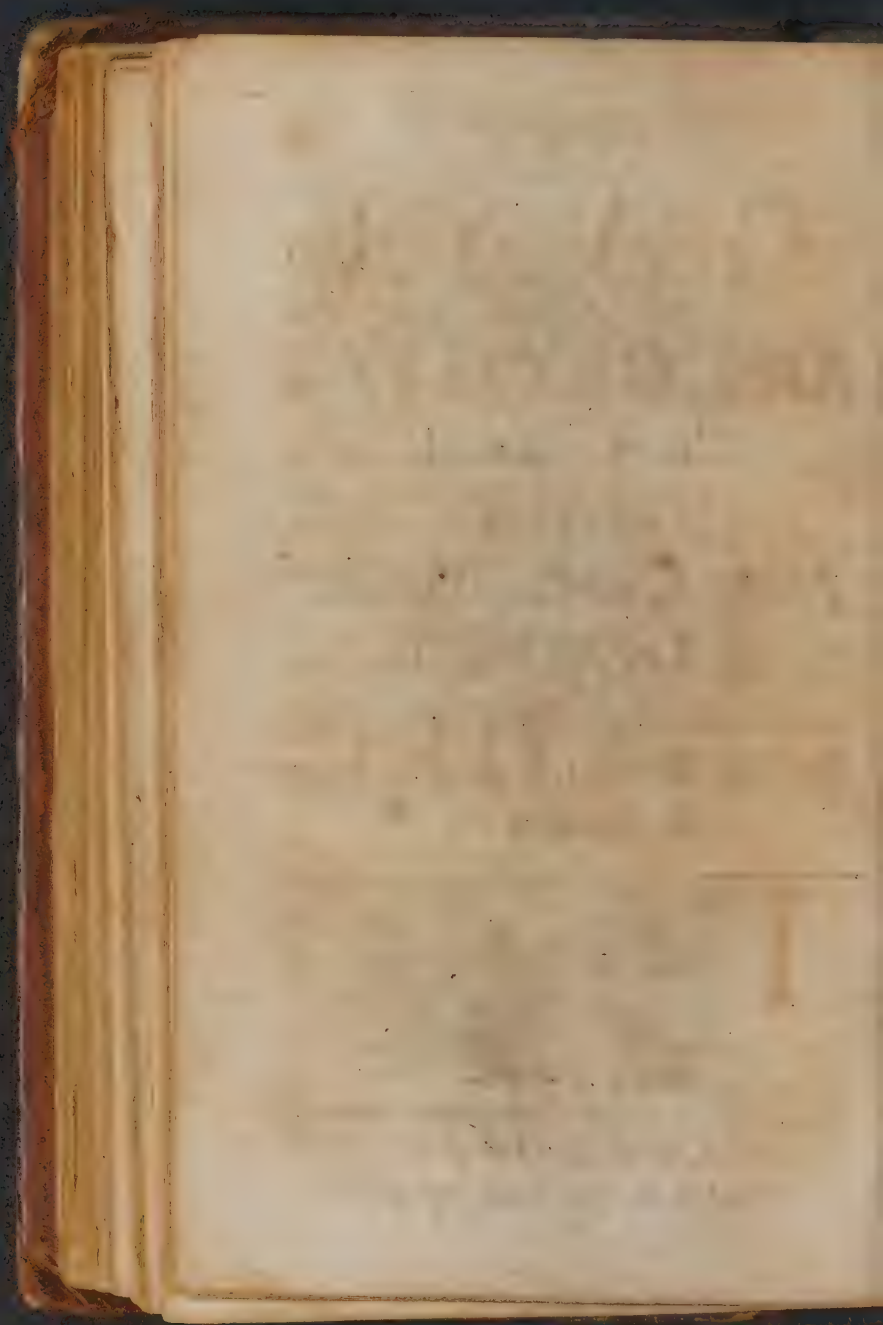


THE
C A S E
OF
King CHARLES I.
Truly Stated,
AGAINST
*John Cook, Master
of Gray's-Inn.*

By Mr. BUTLER, Author
of *Hudibras*.



L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year 1714.





PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

THE Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a piece of Curiosity; it was Penn'd above Forty Years since, by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel which he answers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Master

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*Master of Grays-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a studied Invective against the Person of King Charles I. before the High Court of Justice, (so called) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-Pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards Metamorphos'd into a Pamphlet, with the specious Title of, King Charles's Case; or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Trial. How Rational this Appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those numerous Fallacies and notorious Falshoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain matter of Fact, but also in the Pamphleteer's pretended way of Reasoning, the false Logick, and worse Law. I shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause; for I suppose the more Rational part of Mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the Innocence of that Great Man, as to any thing that was laid to his Charge; and upon that Account, indeed, there would have been little Occasion at this time of Day to produce
so*

PREFACE to the Reader. 133

so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the Old Republican Stamp, who have reviv'd the Quarrel, and Copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's Letter may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the Good Old Cause; but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr. Milton and our Libeller, and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice, at least, though not their Wit; and for that Reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answer. I shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable Quarrelling with a Man that is Arm'd with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that if you have nothing else.

134 PREFACE to the Reader.

I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to the Honefter and more Learned part of the Kingdom; and as for the rest, 'twas their best Security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's Design to Print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hands, 'tis but a piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.





THE
C A S E
OF
King CHARLES I.
Truly Stated.

Mr. Cook,

HAVING lately seen
a Book of yours, which
you are pleased to call
King CHARLES his
Case, or an Appeal to
all Rational Men con-
cerning his Tryal; I was much invited
to read it, by the Ingenuity promised
in

in your Title. For having heard you Style yourself Solicitor General for the King's Dread Sovereign, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all Rational Men from being your Clients in this Case, in making them, by your Appeal, your Judges: For no Man, you know, can be Judge in his own Case, but acknowledge your High Court, from which you Appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such: But indeed I had not read many Lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the Unhappiness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little Moderation, as if you strove to make it a Question whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater Wonder of Men, preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so: A strange way of doing Justice! which
you

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you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent proceeding to the Secret Counsel of Almighty God, from whence you presume to give Sentence on him, a Boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that considers the Affectation and Fantastique Lightness of your Language, (such as *Ireland*, a *Land of Ire*; *Bite-Sheep* for *Bishops* and other such ingenious Elegancies of Quibble;) must needs confess it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereign's Sovereign, or the Gravity of that Court, which you say, right wisely, shall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson's* and *Shakespear's* Plays, which, it seems, you have been more in your self to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very
Di-

Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really outacted all that they could fancy of passionate and ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so Charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoins (whatsoever his Offences were) the punishment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God they absolutely condemn it; of which I wonder, you that pretend so much to be of his Counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a favour he does to those he loves; wherever it falls it is the Work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the ancient Heathen knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverence the very Trees it lighted upon.

But

But your Passion hath not only misled you against Civility, and Christian Charity, but common Sense also; else you would never have driven your Chariot of Reason (as you call it) so far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that stands in your way; I mean, your unusual way of Argument, not only against Reason but yourself, as you do it at the first sally; for after your fit of Raving is over, you bestow much pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the King hath not by Law so much Power as a Justice of Peace to commit any Man to Prison; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the Justice derives his Power, or in whose Name his Warrants run; else you may as well say, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, because he cannot shine by Night as the Moon doth.

doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself; for if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, *by what Law they could sit to judge him*; (as offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then Silence or Interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing: And when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it, the Righteous President told him plainly, *He must have neither Law nor Reason*; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) *the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious piece of Justice that ever was played on the Theater of England*; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn itself than injure Truth.

But

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But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your *Appeal to all Rational Men*, who can make no use of it, but against your self: For if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinous a Crime in a King to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to Wound and Poyson yourselves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Imposture, that are not asham'd to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it; and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to Condemn the King for but intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Designs are the most considerable Part both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, *He, or the Archbishops by his Order, emasculated, and left out very material Words,* (which
the

the People shall choose,) Which is false; for these Words were not left out, but rendred with more Sense, (*which the Commonalty have*) and, if you consider what they relate to, (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret, *Elegeret*, (in the Latin Oath) *Shall Choose*, not, *Hath Chosen*; for if you will have *Consuetudines quas vulgas elegerit*, to mean, *Customs*, which are to be not only *Use*, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but, *Choice*, which necessarily preceeds *Use*.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what Reason you can presume it to be a Design to subvert the Laws, since you know he had sworn to defend them before, in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose, that so Wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself absolute by this Omission. But you are not without further Contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violator of Oaths as you would have the World believe, what

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what reason had he to be conscientious of taking them? Certainly he hath little cause to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other Construction of his refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a design to refuse his Assent to such good Laws, rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd Conceits, that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the charitable sense will appear, by your own Words, to be the truest; for you confess he gave his assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of these is most probable, let every rational Christian judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's design to destroy the Law, is thus ordered: Those Knights that were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation

clamation (in regard of the Infection then spread through the Kingdom) a Dispensation for their absence, were after Fined at the Council Table; no doubt by the procurement of some of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity, were answered, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Conclusion is therefore, The King had a Design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits but would conclude the contrary; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oænus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another, not less substantial, and that is, his alteration of the Judges Commissions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure; of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for

for the Injustice and Oppression of the Government, &c. you would have found it very just that he should use his Pleasure in their Dismission as well as Choice; For Men of your Profession, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not such Punies in Cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board; and if they may sit still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves: The Prince that is to give an Account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than how to help himself.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad Judges as buy their Places; of whose Condition and Loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injustice, believe they may have reason enough to give unjust Judgment, rather than lose their Places and their Money too, if they shall receive such Intimation from the King. But you forget your self when you put this in your *Appeal to all Rational Men*; for they will tell you this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Justice; for if it were potential
H Tyranny

Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King, to have but a Design to indure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the next step to Slavery : What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their choosing too ? And (I beseech you) whither, by your own Doctrine, does this bring the People that submit to it ? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this, had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have stoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design ; what's that ? he is restless to destroy Parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires ; you should have proved his Desires first, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired it

it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense: But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should, with more Reason, guess you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the secret Counsels of God, (which you so often pretended to) else certainly he has given the Desires of Men so private a Lodging, that without his own Discovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unlucky thing called Reason, and betake your self wholly to Revelations.

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice I cannot tell; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traitor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useless, a purpose to subvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it; and the People, what a deal of Law they are

to expect hereafter. All you can justly, in your own Sense, accuse the King of, is but Discontinuance, or untimely Dissolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Sense you can interpret a Design to destroy the Parliaments, since all the World knows when he parted with his Power to dissolve the Parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are; you accuse him for not calling Parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the Law, once a Year, (as you say) or oftner, but never consider how that is impossible to be done, without dissolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding, with so much Clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconsistencies, and may with much more Reason accuse him for calling Parliaments, because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them, which is very like your way of Argument.

But much better than you commonly use for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Counsellors, ought to be accountable

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countable for the Male Administrations, Injustices, and Oppressions of the Parliament, your Reasons are, Because he made such wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were something; if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for if they made the King, as you say they did, you have cleared him of all such horrid Crimes, Murders, and Massacres, which you take so much pains, to no purpose, to accuse him of; and, like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whose Score you set them. Your next Business will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his own Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him Right, to make him sole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a

share in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And these are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppositions of Intentions and Designs, which how far you have proved just or profitable, let any Man but your self judge. The Course you take afterwards, is much worse, in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worse) prove them upon their own Bottom, as when you take upon you to state the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cause of it, you do it thus :

The King (you say) set up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Personal Interest, Power, and pretended Prerogative, against the publick Interest of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this? Because he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and dissolve Parliaments, a negative Voice to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inbase or debase Money, and avoid his own Grants.

Grants. These you call his Personal Interest, Power, and Prerogative, which you say he fought for: Now, put the Position and Proof together, and see what Sense it will make; truly none but this: That he made War for his Prerogative, because he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick? but suppose it were Sense, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? to this you have not one Word to say; and why then should we rather take your Word than the King's, who protested he took Arms in Defence of the Protestant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, the Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable part of all, (he protested to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament,) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the rest is Time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see why we should not rather believe them, than the pretences of the Parliament, which were

more to fight in Defence of his Person, and their own Privileges, which how they have performed, your self can tell; but all this while you mistake your own Question, which was not the right of the Cause, but the Cause, or (as you have it) the Occasion of the War; and if you had a purpose to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Assaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they should in publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Causes, 'tis most just for us to place the Cause of the War, where we find the first Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappiness to be acquainted with the Method of their own Undoing, can very well testify. And if the Parliament should deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they first raised Horse and Arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared, the King, seduced by
wicked

wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own; and, they say, took Arms for the Defence of the King; which, if we grant, it must follow, they first made War against him; for no body else ever did, against whom they could possibly Defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the second Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: First he was bound by the Law of Nature (which

you say is Legislative, and hath a suspensive Power over all humane Laws) to defend himself. *Secondly*, By his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace. And how could he do that, but by his raising Power to suppress those who had already broken it? *Thirdly*, By the Laws of the Land, which, you say, trusted him with the Power of the Sword. And how could he preserve that Trust, if he had fate still, and suffered others, not only to take it from him, but to use it against him?

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before-hand with him, in seizing upon his Castles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reason imagin'd, but that he was loath to give them any Occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was so far from being the Cause of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, till he was fain to
take

take Arms at so great a Disadvantage, as he had almost as good have sat still and Suffered. And in this you have used the King with the same Justice the Christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on fire himself, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your purpose, and therefore declined it; for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more preposterous way yet to prove both, by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpose you have the Confidence (in spite of Sense) to make Contingencies the final Cause of things; and impolitick Accidental, possible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick Spirited Men (as you call them) may

may be made away, and the Murderers pardon'd, &c. All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, (and no part of his Quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for, that when you have strained your Ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for a Power to do that which he never would do when it was in his Power : But if you take this Liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir yourself, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before such an impartial High Court of Justice as this ! how would you charge him with his Misgovernment in Nature, for which, by the very same Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in causing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleasure of the Stronger ; that he set up a Sun to dazle our Eyes, that we might not see ; and to kindle Fevers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us ; Water to drown us, and Air to poyson us, and then demand Justice against him ; all which you may easily do, now you have the Trick on't, for the
very

very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability; for 'tis easier to prove, that Men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever used your finer Device to remove publick Spirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would? for 'tis so much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Opposers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attorney General *Noy*, (and for other honest Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition set against him, by your own Confession; he did not suffer those black Stars (very strange ones) to slit their Noses, and crop their Ears.

But now I think these honest publick Spirited Men, certainly some of them have not so good an Opinion of the Honesty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their Ears again, (if they had them) but their Heads too, in defiance
of

of your most comprehensive piece of Justice, whose Cause, while you take upon you to plead, against their Consent, as you have done your honourable Clients, the People; you deserve in Reason to be thrown over the Bar, by your own Party, for you but confess your own Injustice, while you acknowledge the publick Honesty of those that most oppose it.

How solid or pertinent those Arguments of yours have been, let any Man that is sober, judge: But you are resolved, right or wrong, they shall pass; to let us know how easily he that has the Unhappiness to be judged by his Enemies is found guilty of any thing they please to lay to his Charge; and therefore, satisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence, and condemn the King with much Formality, by the Fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Consent of all Rational Men in the World, for employing the Power of the Sword to the Destruction of the People, with which they intrusted him for their own
Pro-

Protection. How you got the Consent of Rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis most certain (by your own Confession) that he never employed the Sword, but against those who first fought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possibility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Nonsense; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him, were the People that trusted him, not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the People, the People as you have the Confidence to call your Honourable Clients, being not the twentieth part of the very Rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*: For it is easier to divide a Child in two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't, you

you shall be next allowed to prove, that take four out of six, there remains six: Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, *That the King can do no Wrong*, you maintain a new one much worse, *That he may suffer any*; and having limited this Power to act only according to Law, expose him to Suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but, rather than fail of your Purpose, you will make as bold with Scripture as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apostle, *Where no Law is, there is no Transgression*, to mean, Where there is neither Law of God, nor Nature, nor positive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your purpose; and I can-

cannot but smile, to think how hard a Task that will be for such a strong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your self affirm; for when you deny it possible to suppose two Supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confess the King to be Supreme, when you say, very elegantly, he made Head against the Parliament, who acknowledg'd him to be Head thereof, and yet you say the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky Contradictions of your self, as well as Sense, are as familiar with you as Railing, for besides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Construction, as the Purpose: There are others which, for your Encouragement, ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the King the most abominable Tyrant that ever People suffered under, yet you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad: His Judges you compared

pared to the Saints sitting in Judgment at the last Day, and yet, by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in sitting by a Commission of Force; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom, and yet, till the People voluntarily submit to a Government, (which they never did to that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you say) Petitioned the King, as good Subjects, and yet, immediately after, you make them, his Lords, and himself Servant; so they give him the Honour of his own Royal Assent, and yet they often Petitioned him for it. His Trial you call most impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profest Enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you say he caused more Protestant Blood to be shed than ever was spilt either by *Rome*, Heathen or Antichristian; for grant that partly to be true, and confess as much Protestant Blood as ever was spilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill Protestants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World; which eloquent

quent piece of Nonsense we must impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confusion of Notion, which you please. Nor are those Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Course of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greatest Wrong; and are there only Rational, where you are most inhuman; as in your additional Accusations, since his Death, for there you undertake to prove something, and give your Reasons (such as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an Advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments consist only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Constructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you said it in Sense or order, it would serve you to no purpose,

purpose, unless you have, by Proof or Argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King, after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with, when alive? For what you say concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never used it farther than they found it of advantage to some Design they had in Hand; as when they would move the King to grant their Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him; if he would Sign, he should be still their *Gracious King*, if not, *he killed his Father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with such Logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they

K. CHARLES I. *truly stated.* 165

they not known it would have cost them more Impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it; but let us consider your Student's Might, with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. First, he was observed to hate the Duke, but instantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his special Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art must be the Cause. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common manner of Princes, who use to love the Treason, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been so politick a Tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his Life safe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much less his Enemy, whom such a King would never trust) of whose Gift and Secresy he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, should spare the Life of his Enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wise Men,

Men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you must consider, that in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: It is most certain, that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grow to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham*: But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance, to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Course than to Impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who (out of the common Fate of Favourites)

vourites) generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiors, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed, by this means, bound up from protecting the Duke, (tho' he knew his Innocency) lest the Envy and Fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further Attempts, (which always begin with such Sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and, by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty, since his Death, of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a Ground of all your Proofs, *If you meet a Man running down Stairs, with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find*

find a Man stabbed in the Chamber, tho' you did not see this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met, yet if you were of the Fury, you durst not but find him guilty of the Murther. I hope not, before you know whether the Man killed were sent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own Defence: Truly you are a subtil Enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear Proofs; first, he durst never deny it absolutely; besides the notorious Falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagin, that he who had wickedness enough to commit so horrid an Act, should have the innocent Modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent Thanks to Muskerry and Plunket, by Ormond, which you are confident his height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themselves; and may not Ormond, that carried the Thanks, be, by the same Reason, as well proved guilty as the King? What's next, If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thousand Declarations, and have sent to

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to all Princes in the World for assistance against such Hell-hounds and Blood-hounds, &c. That was impossible to be done, without sending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the *Irish* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpose; after the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogative, against the Puritans in the Parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the Rebellion: But observe then what will follow; after the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights, and Dignities, against all Opposers whatsoever, and therefore by the

I same

same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament against himself. But did they not say they had his Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, Fiends and Fire-brands, and Bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone; do you think such are not to be believed, (especially when they speak for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Westminster*, who likewise, when they raised Forces, said, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of these? And yet you cannot be perswaded, but his Offer to go in Person to suppress the Rebellion, was a Design to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have destroyed this Nation. That's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, (to shew your Breeding?) Never was Bear so unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare
 against

against the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Person to suppress them : When you made this agree in Sense, let us know how you can suppose the same Person, the wisest King in Christendom, and yet so foolish to study his own Destruction ; for who could suffer so much in the Ruin of this Nation as himself ? For his hindering the Earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reason to do so, than the Parliament had to hinder him ; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That, they sold or exchange'd, for Arms and Ammunition, the Cloath and Provisions sent by the Parliament to the Protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the Parliament, which seiz'd upon his Arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himself. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's as their very good
I 2 Friends.

Friends. I see you are not such a Wizard at Designs as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepest Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have spared no longer to prove him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as your self in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that might have serv'd instead of all, to convince you of Wickedness and Folly in this Business, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which (by your own Rule, ought to be taken *pro confesso*) there was never any such thing.

I will not trouble my self nor any Body with your *French* Legend, as being too inconsiderable to deserve any serious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-says, and proved with your own Conjectures; which, how far we are to credit, from a Man of so much Bias and Mistakes, any of those you appeal to shall determine; to whom I shall say but this, that you do but

K. CHARLES I. *truly stated.* 173

acknowledge the Injustice of the Sentence, while you strive to make it good with such Additions ; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much Pains to mend it : And I hope your High Court will punish you for it, whose Reputation your officious Indiscretion hath much impaired to no purpose : For tho' we should grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the King's Death, since he did not die in relation to any thing there objected ; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him Guilty, because he was Punished ; for you can never prove him punished because he was Guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have so much Charity to believe it (being of a different Thread of Language) none of your own ; but either penn'd for you by your musty *Peters*, or else you write Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, sure I am it could come from no Body else ; and having said

So, I hope I shall need say no more ;
 for I shall be loath to commit the Sin
 of repeating any of it : But since 'tis
 but a Frippery of common places of
 Pulpit Railing, ill put together, that
 pretend only to Passion, I am content
 you should use them your self, and be
 allowed to say any thing with as little
 regard as if you wore your Privilege :
 Yet lest you should grow so conceited
 as to believe your self, I will take *Sola-*
mon's Advice, and answer you not in
 your own way of Railing or Falshood ;
 but in doing some Right to Truth and
 the Memory of the Dead, which you
 have equally injured.



THE
CHARACTER
OF
King CHARLES I.

By Mr. BUTLER.

THAT he was a Prince
of incomparable Ver-
tues his very Enemies
cannot deny, (only they
were not for their pur-
pose) and those so un-
blemish'd with any personal Vice, that
they were fain to abuse the Security of

his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscale it, either an Easiness to be inflicted by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues, was no mean Cause of his Undoing; for if he had not stated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his Experienc'd Power
to

of King CHARLES I. 177

to discover; for they managed the whole Course of his Ruin, as they did the last Act of it, in Disguise; else so great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy of ignorant Persons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own Perfections were so; in which he only deceived his People, who knew not his great Abilities, till their Sins were punished with the Loss of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Resolution of the ancient Romans, but the humble Patience of the primitive Martyrs; so far from the manner of Tyrants, who use to wish all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his last Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the Preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Destruction.

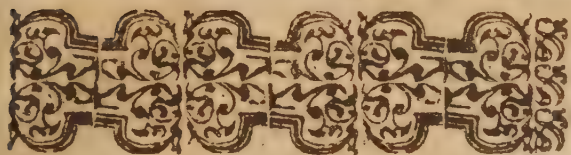
All this, and much more, the Justice of Posterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those Slanders you (or the mad Wickedness of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory; which shall then, like Dung cast at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flourishing and glorious; when all those Monuments of Infamy you have raised, shall become the Trophies of his Virtue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conscience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no Murther so horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Justice; nor any Injustice so notorious, as that which takes Advantage both of the silence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this last, you have been very sinful; and, in accusing the Dead, have not behaved yourself so like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whose Office is to be Solicitor-General in such Cases. I will not judge you, lest

I should do worse, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worst kind of Witchcraft, to raise the Devil by sacrificing to your own Malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and usurp his Jurisdiction before his Coming, which you have presumed to do with more Rudeness than *Hacket* used, and less Formality in not sending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnep-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your Sins, and assert the Martyrdom of your Wickedness, for having supposed a Possibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm yourself with a forc'd Resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no reason to think any Man can believe you have deserved a violent Death; no, you have deserved rather to live long; so long, till you see your self become the Controversy of wild Beasts, and be fain to prove our Scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, that as you have
been

180 *The CHARACTER of, &c.*

been condemned out of your own Mouth, so you should fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not a Hangman bad enough for *Judas*, but himself, and when you shall think fit to do your self so much Right, you shall be your own Sooth-sayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliac*, to whom with more Likeness compare your self, than to *Henry* the Fourth, for you are no King. What *Raviliac* was, is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conscience.





A

Thought upon Death,

After hearing of the Murder of

King CHARLES I.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

THE Glories of our Birth and State
 Are Shadows, not substantial
 (Things :
 There is no Armour against Fate,
 Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.

Scepter and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the Dust be equal laid,

With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.
 Some

182 *A Thought upon DEATH, &c.*

Some Men with Swords may reap the
(Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,
But their strong Nerves at last must
(yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring
(Breath,
Whilst the pale Captive yields to Death.

The Garlands wither on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds,
Upon Death's purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.

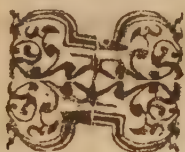
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb;
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

Good

GOOD ADVICE
IN
BAD TIMES.

A Satyrical Poem.

By Mr. BUTLER, Author
of *Hudibras*.



L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year 1714.

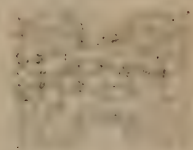
GOOD ADVICE

PRIMITIVE

1800

1800

1800



1800

1800

1800



Good Advice in Bad Times.

Rowze up, Great *Charles!* thy
 Courage show,
 Or Faction soon will bring Thee low :
 Some must be Banish'd, others Swing,
 Or Thou must cease to be a King.
 No credit give to Villain *Oats*,
 Be not amus'd with Popish Plots ;
 No Foreign Troops of Pilgrims fear,
 Nor Popish Armies in the Air ;
 But guard thy Throne against the base
 Designs of those that boast of Grace,
 And

186. GOOD ADVICE

And plead thereby, as Times go now,
 A better Right to Rule than Thou.
 Take care of *Tony* and his Party,
 They are the Rogues that mean to hurt
 (thee)
 The Tories love thee and obey thee,
 None but the Rebel Whigs betray thee,
 The stubborn wicked Spawn of those
 That struggl'd for the Good Old Cause,
 Till they thy Royal Sire subdu'd,
 And in his Blood their Hands imbru'd;
 These are the only Snakes that sting thee
 And if not crush'd will soon unking thee;
 For thou hast warm'd them till they
 bite thee,
 The way they always will requite thee.
 Therefore look round thy Court, good
 (Prince,
 And banish all such Serpents thence.
 Mercy, that Attribute divine,
 Hath been thy Fathers fault and thine;
 His

His Clemency and Goodness cost
Himself and Subjects all they lost ;
And thine, if thou wilt still restrain
Thy Justice, will abridge thy Reign ;
For Whigs believe that Mercy springs
Alone from Cowardise in Kings ;
And therefore but insult the more,
When Princes moderate their Pow'r.

Banish thy spurious Son the Land,
Let him no more thy Troops command ;
Withdraw thy fondness from the Fool,
Thy Darling, but the Party's Tool ;
A Fencing, Riding, Cringing Thing,
That courts the Mob to make him King,
An empty, dancing, fiery Bauble,
Ador'd by Strumpets and the Rabble ;
The Ladies Idol at a Ball,
The Stallion of thy Court *Whitehal* ;

Who

188 GOOD ADVICE

Who got, Great *Charles*, by thee, retains
 Thy Princely Lust, but wants thy Brains,
 Which makes some think when you
 His Mother, that your Head ^(contented) dissented,
 And that's the Cause the Foppish Ape
 Has nothing of thee but thy Shape.

Beware of those that serve the Crown,
 And yet in publick cry thee down,
 Who sneak and fawn about thy Person,
 But tamper with thy foolish Whoreson,
 And by false Arguments ensnare
 The Youth to think he is thy Heir,
 When thou thyself must own there's one
 Much nearer than a Bastard Son ;
 Therefore if thou art wise, in spight
 Of Whigs, assert thy B-----'s Right,
 For if thou dost their Humours please,
 They'll question thine as well as his.

Be.

Be watchful of the Faction's City,
 Who hate thee, tho they often treat thee.
 Hug close their Wives, get Loyal Heirs,
 For Sheriffs, Aldermen and May'rs;
 Make Cuckolds of the wealthy Crew,
 And, like Sir *Robert*, Knight 'em too.
 Thus kiss their Ladies, like a King,
 And keep 'em poor by borrowing;
 A speedier way to raise Supplies,
 Than all thy Council can advise,
 Now Faction rule the Commons House,
 And swear they'll give thee not a Souse,
 'Cause *Portsmouth* sends o'er *Guinea Pies*
 To *France*, or else the Publick lyes:
 And *Nelly* lives in greater State,
 Than thy own Royal Consort *Kate*.
 Therefore, Great *Charles*! if thou
 (would'st please
 Thy Foes, turn off thy Mistresses,
 And

190 GOOD ADVICE

And then the Parliament, they say,
 Will grant thee Sums without delay.
 But sure thy Wisdom must foreknow,
 That if you condescend so low,
 To Live or Reign as they would have
 They'd make such Laws as should en-
 (thee,
 Still keep thee poor, be finding fault,
 Complain, but give thee not a Groat;
 Be therefore careful how you grant
 Too large Concessions in your Want;
 No Branch of Royal Power sell,
 Give 'em an Inch they'll take an Ell.
 Thou know'st they only want to bring
 (thee
 To what will ruin and unking thee;
 And then thou'lt, like thy Father, find
 The sad effects of being kind
 To Faction, who intend no other
 Than to destroy thee and thy Brother.

Since

Since these are the Rebellious Drifts
 Of those that put thee to thy Shifts,
 Exert thy Pow'r deriv'd of God,
 And make them tremble at thy Nod;
 Boldly assert thy Right Divine,
 And lop those Heads that aim at thine,
 Or thou wilt find the Sons of those
 That were thy Father's restless Foes
 Will to destruction drive or lead thee,
 And all the *Stuarts* that succeed thee;
 For *Root and Branch* work is their aim
 Which they'll compleat, unless the
 Severity be us'd with them. (same }

Then learn of *Harry* to chastise
 Thy stubborn factious Enemies,
 And keep thy P-----s in awe,
 With stamp of Foot and threatning *Hau.*

Or

192 GOOD ADVICE, &c.

Or else the C----- will in time

Above their Royal Sov'reign climb :

And *England* boast, when thou'rt
(undone,

Five-hundred Kings instead of one.



THE

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
FANATICK.

By Mr. *BUTLER*.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.

THE
CHARACTER
OF
HANNATICK

IN
THE
YEAR
1811



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ROBERTSON



THE
CHARACTER
 OF A
FANATICK.

IN *London* Streets is often seen
 A hum-drum Saint whose Holy Mein
 Denotes the proud Enthusiastick
 To be Religiously Fantastick ;
 His Looks most primitively wear
 An ancient Abrahamick Ayre ;

K 2

And

196 *The* CHARACTER

And, like bad Copies of a Face,
 The good Original disgrace:
 A Hawkſbil Noſe divides his Cheeks,
 And tunes his Cant whene'er he ſpeaks,
 Whilſt on his Breaſt one Hand he lays,
 That Fools may credit what he ſays;
 Tho' Int'reſt always bribes his Tongue,
 To repreſent things right or wrong,
 And is the Loadſtone that attracts
 The Saint to all he ſpeaks or acts.
 As Beauty draws the am'rous Youth
 To ſwear repugnant to the Truth,
 And, Zealot like, to grace his Lyes
 With upcaſt Looks and feigned Sighs.

His Head ſtands mounted on a Neck
 As ſtubborn as a Poſt or Stake,
 That will not ſuff'r'im to bow down
 To Altar, Miter, or the Crown,

Affirm-

Affirming flily, they're no more
Than Trappings of the Scarlet Whore :
Yet has a Joint that always bends
When 'tis to gain his own bie Ends.
Thus when there's nothing to be got
Submission is a deadly Fau't ;

But upon e'ery new occasion,
When Int'rest is the grand temptation }
Then Conscience gives a dispensation. }

His Coat, whose Colour is most grave,
Yet carries in its Sleeve a Knave ;
Tho' new, derives its ancient Fashion
From good old Times of Reformation,
When Blunderbus and Basket-Hilt
More Blood than Fire and Faggot spilt,
And Zealots, by Dissention Civil
Got th'upper-hand of Pope and Devil.
His Hat, whose Painthouse Brims secure
His formal Weeds from rainy Show'r,

198 *The* CHARACTER

Hangs on his *Occiput* most quaintly,
To make the Knave appear more faintly
And from the sight of back Beholders,
Screens his long Neck and stooping
(Shoulders.

His Hair in greasy Locks hangs down
As strait as Candles, from his Crown,
And shades the borders of his Face,
Whose outward Signs of inward Grace
Are only visible in spiteful
Grimaces, very stern and frightful ;
As if he thought no Man could be
A zealous Foe to Popery,
Except his Looks declare his Malice
To Altar, Candlesticks and Chalice.

The Band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common Mode,
Just such as Kniperdolin wore
On Doublet-Collar heretofore,
When

When e'ery Madman that could cant
Of Saving-Grace, was thought a Saint,
Provided he could cry aloud
But Reformation to the Crowd,
That some Arch Villain, by his Craft,
Like *Nol*, might raise himself aloft,
And under that deceitful Curse
Of mending, make all Matters worse;
As Tinkers, when they undertake
To stop one Hole, two bigger make.
That e'ery piece of Work may end
In something that is new to mend.

His Head is full of Fears and Fictions,
His Conscience form'd of Contradictions
Is therefore never long content
With any Church or Government,
But fancies e'ery thing that is,
For want of mending, much amiss.

200 *The* CHARACTER

So consequentially would vary
 All things to something quite contrary,
 As if he thinks, whate'er we crave,
 Is better far than what we have;
 And therefore still is disagreeing
 With e'ery thing that is in being.
 Thus, like the Moon that's always
 (ranging,
 Seems destin'd to perpetual changing,
 And restless as the sublune Tide,
 In crooked Channels loves to glide.

His stubborn Pride and zealous Folly
 Arise from Temper melancholy,
 Which in his Looks imprint a Sadness
 That shews him near ally'd to Madness:
 Therefore he does not chuse or cull
 His Faith by any Scripture Rule;
 But by the Vapours that torment
 His Brains, from Hypochondria sent,
 Which

Which into Dreams and Visions turn,
And make his Zeal so fiercely burn,
That Reason loses the ascendant,
And all within grows independant.

*So when the Lees of Ale or Wine
Condense below, the Liquor's fine ;
But when the nauseous Dregs break
(loose
They sour and spoil the noble Juice.*

The quaint deportment of the Knave
Is always wonderfully grave,
And e'ery Sentence that he says
Digested into Scripture Phrase :
His Actions so demure as if
To be a Saint was to be stiff,
And that Religion must agree
The best with dull Formality.
Regeneration, Reprobation,
Election and Predestination,

202 *The* CHARACTER

Are the chief Points on which he cants,
 When mix'd among his Brother Saints,
 In which Fanatical Discourses,
 He summons all his Scripture Forces,
 To prove all such as do accord
 With him the chosen of the Lord;
 But that the Papists are accurs'd
 'Tis plain in *Canticles* the first;
 Therefore he joins their Holy Father
 The Pope and Dev'l so close together,
 That both may equal Terror strike,
 And by the Saints be fear'd alike.

His Christian Charity is such,
 He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
 'Tis plain, because he ne'er is known
 To give one Farthing of his own;
 Therefore as nothing is no charge,
 It can't be thought a Gift too large.

His

His Dealings are so just and plain
He never Cheats but when he can ;
And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
He'll prove too honest to outwit ye:
But if your Judgment you postpone,
And to his Conscience trust alone,
No humane Justice will he do,
But use you worse than *Turk* or *Jew*,
Yet Vow, Protest, and Scripture plead,
As if he was a Saint indeed.
Such are that old Fanatick Strain
Of Whigs that envy *Charles's* Reign,
Insatiate Rebels, whom no Law
Can govern, or good Monarch awe ;
A stubborn restless Generation,
O'ercome with Dogstar Zeal and Passion
Impatient of the highest Place,
To which they plead a Right by Grace.
Cruel in Pow'r and restless out,
When most Rebellious most devout,
Making.

204 *The CHARACTER, &c.*

Making Religion a Disguise,
 Or Cloak to all their Villanies;
 As if they thought the same design'd
 For nothing but a Holy Blind;
 Therefore like Harlots seldom use it,
 Except to shame it and abuse it.
 From such implacable Tormentors,
 Fanaticks, Hypocrites, Dissenters,
 Whigs, Roundheads, call 'em what you
 (please:
 I say, from Rebels such as these,
 May God preserve the Church & Throne
 And *Charles the Wise* that sits thereon:
 Nor may their Plots exclude his Heirs
 From reigning when the Right is theirs,
 But may the *Stuarts* trample down
 Those Enemies to Church and Crown:
 For should the Foot the Head command
 And Faction gain the upper hand,
 We must expect a ruin'd Land.

The

The Morning's Salutation:

O R, A

Friendly Conference

Between a

Puritan Preacher

A N D A

Family of his Flock,

Upon the 30th of *January*.

By Mr. BUTLER.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1714.

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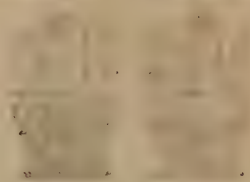
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The Morning's Salutation:

O R, A

Friendly Conference

Between a

*Puritan Preacher and a Fa-
mily of his Flock, upon
the 30th of January.*

Preacher.

Good Morrow to thee: how dost do?
I only just call'd in to shew
My Love, upon this blessed Day,
As I, by chance, came by this way.
Grace,

208 *A CONFERENCE between a*
Grace, Peace, and Faith be unto thee,
And all this chosen Family.

Husband.

My Soul does very much rejoice
To see thee, and to hear thy Voice :
I bless the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in Health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while and comfort us this Day.

Preacher.

I think I shall not stay to Dine,
But the Lord's Will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good Wife? methinks I want
To see her, she's a Pious Saint ;
In Wedlock thou art truly blest,
Of Women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband.

210 *A CONFERENCE between a*

To tell thee truth, I've seldom seen
A Wife more lovely or more clean.

Give me thy Hand, thou fruitful Bride;

The Lord at all times be thy Guide :

How do thy little Comforts fare?

Those tender Twigs, their Parents Care:

Pray call 'em hither, let me bless

Those pritty hopeful Babes of Grace.

Wife.

Here, *Aram*, come, my little Saint,

Where's your low Bow to Mr. *Cant*?

Daughter! Where art? Come hither *Ruth*!

Fie, pull your Fingers from your Mouth.

Look up, my Dear, hold up your Head.

Where's your fine Curt'fy? There's my
(Maid.

Preacher

Lord sanctify these Lambs, and grant

That they thy Grace may never want:

Shew

PREACHER *and a* FAMILY. 211

Shew 'em thy ways, that they may be
A Comfort to thy Spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His Love to both in such a Brood.
May they still greater Blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in woe,
And as their Years encrease, inherit
A double portion of the Spirit.

Wife.

Thanks to you, rev'rend Sir, may Heaven
Reward the Blessing you have given.
Rebecca, take my Closet Key
And fetch that Bottle unto me
Thy Master brought me home last Night
For Palm, and said he knew 'twas right;
And with the Bottle pray bring in
A Glass, take care you wash it clean.

Preacher.

212 *A CONFERENCE between a
Preacher.*

I hope thou dost not think that I
Drink Wine, except I'm sick or dry;
I ne'er take any thing that's strong,
One Glas I fear will do me wrong,
E'en let it rest upon the Shelf,
Thou'dst better keep it for thyself.

Wife.

Good Sir, vouchsafe, at my request,
To drink this Glas, 'tis but a taste,
It holds but half a Pint at most,
Will you be pleas'd to have a Toast.

Preacher.

No, by no means, if I must take
So large a Dose 'tis for thy sake.
Good Lord give thou a Blessing to it,
That when its down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wish it mayn't offend my Head.

May't

PREACHER *and* a FAMILY. 213

May'st thee, at all times, for thy ease,
Abound in Comforts, such as these.

'Tis a prime Cordial, I protest,
This ought not to be drank in waste.

Husband.

Alas, one Glass, Sir, will not warm ye,
I'm sure a second cannot harm ye;

Cold Weather does strong Wine require.
Fill out, my Dear, ----- A little higher.

Pray give the Glass to Mr. *Cant*.

So long a Walk may make him faint.

Preacher.

Thou best of all good Women! hold

Thy Hand, consider I am old.

Thou art too bountiful, I vow,

Thy Love is too abounding now.

Lord sanctify this Cordial Juice,

And make it wholesome for our use.

Well!

214 *A CONFERENCE between a*
Well! ----- 'tis a comfortable Creature.
In truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your Love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high time to move.

Wife.

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and Dine,
Besides, here's almost half the Wine :
Pray, Sir, except, before you go,
Of t'other Glafs, and don't say no.
And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
You're welcome to our homely fare.

Preacher.

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
I scarce know how to go or stay.
What Dinner hast thou, friendly Crea-
Alas, I'm but a pidling Eater. (ture,

Wife.

I must confess we have not dress'd
What's worthy of so good a Guest ;

How

Yet

PREACHER *and a* FAMILY. 215

Yet 'tis a Dish that we may say
Is suited to the present Day:
'Tis a Calf's Head, to tell you truth,
I wish such Fare may fit your Tooth.

Preacher.

Bless me, the best and only Dish,
Upon this Day, that I could wish.
No Food besides could so delight
My Eyes, and eke my Appetite.
Good pious Saints, that you should join
Your Hearts so mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other Glas,
I see that you abound in Grace,
The L---d of Mercy and of Pow'r
Hath Blessings for such Saints in store.
I cannot bid ye now farewell,
Thy Invitation must prevail.
Methinks from Heav'n I hear a Voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoice.

Husband.

216 *A CONFERENCE between a
Husband.*

None can more truly welcome be ;
Therefore I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a Day of Joy and Mirth
Among the Saints that dwell on Earth.
This and the Fifth Day of *November*
We're always careful to remenber.
Both which deserve the utmost rev'rence
For our remarkable Deliverance.

Preacher.

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these blessed Days,
And typify the Fall of him
That caus'd the Land in Blood to swim.
So good a Dish, on such a Day !
What Christian can refuse to stay.
But tho' I tarry here to Dine,
Pray do not fend for any Wine.

Husband.

PREACHER *and a* FAMILY. 217

Husband.

A little, Sir,---Wife send the Maid
For two of Palm and two of Red :
'This Day we always drink, you know,
To th' Pious Hand that gave the Blow.

Preacher.

The Lord direct thee ! Prithee do
What thy own Mind inclines thee to.
But I must crave thy leave to light
One Pipe to whet my Appetite.
When that is done we'll shut the Door,
And praise the L---d for half an Hour.



L



TWO
LETTERS;

One from

John Audland, a Quaker,

TO

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

The other,

William Prynne's

ANSWER;

In the Year 1672.

By SAMUEL BUTLER, Author
of *Hudibras*.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1714.

LETTERS

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

AMERICAN

ASSOCIATION

OF

LIBRARIANS

AND

BOOKSELLERS

IN

AMERICA

AND

THE



John Audland's
LETTER
 TO
WILLIAM PRYNNE.

William Prynne,

THOU perpetual Scribe,
 Pharisee and Hypocrite,
 born to the destruction
 of *Paper*, and most un-
 christian effusion of *Ink*;
 thou *Egyptian* Talk-
 master of the Press, and unmerciful
 destroyer of Goose-Quills, that dost
 L 3 plunder

plunder and strip thy poor kindred naked to the Skin, to maintain thyself in a tyrannical and arbitrary way of Scribbling against thy Brethren, even the *Independants* and *Quakers*, over whom thou fettest up thyself as an unrighteous Judge; for a Righteous Judge hath an Ear for both Parties, and thou hast none for either. Verily, *William*, thou dost Evil, and against the Light within thee, to accuse thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more guilty thyself; for tho' they break an Act of Parliament, yet thou didst worse, when thou wouldst have made one thyself, after thou hadst engaged thy Faith unto the House, that thou wouldst never lift up thy Heel against them more: Truly, thou shewest thyself in this, no better than a *Jew*, in throwing the first Stone at them, unless thou wert innocent thyself, and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not serve to prove thee other, who hast been judged by the Laws of the Land as a Pharisee, to wear a *Philatery* in publick, and hast had thine Ears bored through, according to the *Mosaical*

saical Law: And I fear thy pretended Conversion to Christianity is but in order to something else, even as the *Mahometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unless he first become a *Christian*: And that is the reason why thou art so cruel (like a Renegado) to those of thine own Sect; yea, even unto those in whose Quarrel thou hast lost Leather; for as one of thy Ears was cut off for *Presbytery*, even so was the other for *Independency*. But now I speak of thine *Ears*, give me leave to ask thee one Question; I have heard, that those who have lost their Legs, do sometimes nevertheless feel Pains in their Toes; and I would fain know, whether toward change of Weather, thou dost not feel a kind of itching and tingling in those defunct *Parings* of thine, especially when *Presbytery* and *Government* are like to peep out again. For what else does thy railing against the Bishops (as well as us) hold forth? but that thou art the very same *Will. Prynn*, Utter Barrister, that didst heretofore publish against them so many ridiculous Hat-cases and Band-boxes,

in which thy Works are always bound up, and are to be sold on the Southside of *Paul's Church-yard*, where thy Stationers live. Among those, I have seen thy Title-pages pasted, like Mountebanks Bills, in which thou dost always write *Reformation, Law, Religion, and Fundamental* in Capital Letters, even as those Quacks do *Pox and Running of the Reins*, and both to the same purpose, namely, to deceive the Reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But O! the verbosity of thy Writings! *Solomon* saith, *In many Words there is folly*; and thou hast prov'd it true: For thou writest perpetually in the Language of a *Conveyance*, and dost not Indite, but Draw; and when thou shalt answer for every *Idle Word*, all the Bills and Answers in *Chancery* will rise up in Judgment against thee. For thou usest so many impertinent Tautologies, that thy Reader can never understand what thou meanest, unless he should take the Pains to draw Breviates of thy senseless Repetitions, which is unsufferable, and not to be endured by a Free-born English-

Libb-man. And this serves thee to the same purpose that *Hems* and *Habs* do thy Gifted Ghostly Fathers, that is, to lose time, and put off thy Commodity, namely, Waste-Paper, whereof thou endeavourest to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby undo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and profane Plays; for when thou hast ingrossed the whole Commodity of Waste-Paper into thine own Hands, their Works will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takest a more wise and rational Course, than thou didst heretofore in writing Indentures against them. For thou knowest not how to write in any other Strain; and therefore to let thee see how easy it is to attain unto thy Gifts, I will now speak unto thee a few words in thine own way. Dost thou not remember, *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament, according to the ancient, known, fundamental, established Custom, Practice, Usage, Example of all Rebels, Traytors, Cades, Tylers, Straws, set open the Prisons, Goals, Dungeons, Cages, and took the Prisoners, Felons, Malefactors, Jayl-birds,

into their Protection, Patronage, Safe-guard, Tuition, and, among others, thy self, *William Prynne* aforesaid, with thy Brethren, Companions, Cope-mates, Associates, *Burton, Bastwick, Lilborn, Poe, &c.* How the Saints, Brethren, godly, well-affected, rod out to meet thee, with the Sisters, Helpers, Damfels, Handmaids, behind them, on the Tail of the Beast, stuck with Antichristian, Superstitious, Idolatrous *Rosemary and Bays*, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy Remitter! How they dawb'd, dash'd, defiled, and polluted thee the said *William Prynne*, with Dirt, Puddle, Greetings, Salutation, that thou didst look more like unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd newly Carted, than an Utter-Barrister Triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a Grace, Fashion and Demeanor thou didst bow, stoop, and lowt to thine Idolaters, the Rabble-Rout crowd on both sides of the Street, or Streets, who made an Idol of the *Rings* of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of their *Ear-Rings*. This, verily, *William*, is thy perfect Stile, and right man-

ner of Expression, in which thou art the freer of thy windy Stuff, because thou comest easily by it, for thou dost but turn over thy Concordances, and the Indexes of thy Books, and where-soever thou findest any thing of *Quake, Tremble* and *Shake*, from the motion of the Heavens to the wagging of a Dogs-tail, thou appliest it right or wrong unto *Us*; and that it may seem to be to some purpose, thou dost always print it in *CAPITAL LETTERS*, because such were heretofore, to very good purpose, imprinted on thy Cheeks by the Ministration of that Son of *Be-lial*, the Executioner. But I cannot understand how thou, or thy Rabble of Saints, could answer the Churches for committing the abominable Sin of *Bays* and *Rosemarinefs*, which they had before, and have since so often condemned; for if it be Idolatrous and Superstitious (as they have determined) to stick those Creatures in the Windows of Steeple-houses, much more must it be on their own Vessels. All that they have (in my Opinion) to say for themselves, is, that they serv'd thee up
(like

(like a *Westphalia* Ham) with *Bays*; as thou art a Pagan Poet, according to the profane Custom of thy Forefathers the Heathen; tho' he that has the patience to read thy vile untunable Ditties, will rather take thee for an *Irish* Rat-catcher, that is said to Rhime Vermin to Death, than the *Englisk* *Prudentius* or *Robert Wisdom* Junior, as some of thine own Tribe stile thee, according to the Flesh; for thou dost abuse Scripture most unconscionably, against its own expresse command, in casting Holy Things into Doggerel, which is worse and more abominable than unto Dogs; and this thou performest so dully, that some of the *Virtuoso's* have been puzzled to find out the reason of it, till they were informed, that when thou writest, thou dost use always to set a Death's Head on thy Desk before thee, as one *Campanello* a Popish Frier, is said to have done the Pictures of those to whom he intended to address his Writings, and found it most certain, upon several Experiments, that the Person to the Resemblance of whose Countenance he could nearest force and screw his
own,

own, was always most pleas'd with his Writings: And this they are confident is the natural reason why thy Compositions are so flat and dull, that they will hardly hold till the Ink is dry, and when they are printed, not one of an-hundred will endure the Stitching, but turn to such homely Uses as they are most fit and proper for. Truly, *William*, if I were your Friend, I should advise you to leave this freak of the Death's Head, lest the young Gentleman of the House surprisè you again, (as you know they once did at Midnight) and make you drink Health's-Sickness in it again on your bare Marrow-bones. But I wonder in what part of the World thy Readers live, if there are any such Creatures in Nature! verily, they ought to have their Shoulders grow above their Heads (like *John Mandevill's* People in *Africk*) for there is more of labour and drudgery than understanding required, and they ought to have a large measure of *Patience*, *Long-suffering*, and *Ignorance*, that can endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the *North*,
the

the more dirty and foul the Highways are, the larger measure they allow to their Miles; even so dost thou to thy tedious dull Impertinencies, insomuch that some are of Opinion, that thy Readers ought to be dieted like Running Nags, before they can be in Breath to read thy longwinded Periods, which none but such as thyself will submit to, for if few Words do best with the Wise, none of those will ever endure to have any thing to do with thee. And yet I have heard, that thou dost not a little glory, that thy Works have past thro' all sorts of Times, (but only those wherein they were refuted by the hand of thy old Antagonist the Hangman) without dispute or question. It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of Confutation, as some Places are rendered impregnable by their barren rocky Situations, or by being fortified with Mud-walls and Ditches. He that should venture to encounter thee at thy own Weapon, might be said to revive the old way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types of thy dry disjointed Stuff; and beside, must of necessity
cite

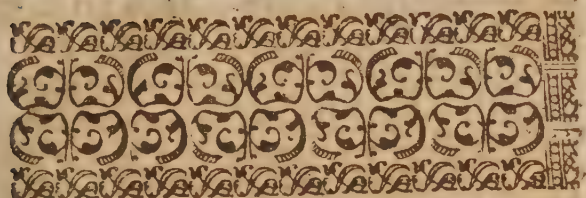
cite so many several sorts of Wares from *Plumbs* and *Sugar*, to *Mundungus* and *Ratsbane*, with which thy Works are always bound up, that his Writings will be charged with Quotations, as full and dull as thine own: But since so many *Chandlens* and *Haberdashers of small Wares*, have undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded so far therein already, it were an Act of great Imprudence to take the Talk out of their Hands who are best able to go through with it. And therefore I shall leave it to them to determine, whether thou hast substantially and solidly prov'd the *Quakers* to be Jesuitical Romish Capuchin Frogs, with Masks on their Faces, put on by the Jesuits and pull'd off by thee, as thou dost confidently undertake to perform in thy Title Page. Truly, *William*, I do confess those Jesuits are dangerous Fellows, thou hadst best look about thee and have a care, for it is verily believ'd by many knowing Persons, that they have always set thee on work no less than the *Independants*; and have receiv'd a better return from thy Horse.

232 *The QUAKERS against, &c.*

Horse-like Drudgery, tho' thou hast no more Wit to perceive than a Fool has to know by what hand it is set on work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou dost confidently affirm) it is most certain they have drawn thee into that Feat too. For if it be true, as some carnal Learned-Men aver, that Witches fetch the materials of their Medicines from Gibbets and Pillories, the Parings of thine Ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no purpose, for I do not expect that any thing can do good upon thee, who hast been so often incorrigible to the Laws; for as the strength of two Men in their Wits is not sufficient to hold down and quiet one Mad-man, even so art thou proof against all Reason and Light, and therefore I will cast away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darknes, with the old saying, bid thee twice Good-night.

John Audland.



THE
ANSWER
OF
WILLIAM PRYNNE.

John Audland,

THOU Quaking Quack,
Jesuitical Romish Fran-
ciscan Frog, see my *Qua-
ker Unmasked*, pag. 1.13.
Thou that art the De-
vil's Dice-Box, which he SHAKES,
Rattles, Wags, to gull, cheat, delude,
and seduce the intoxicated giddy,
headed

headed *English Nation*. Thou art sick of thy Church, and hast catch'd thy Religion like a Palsy, Epilepsy, Ague, and art taken with Tertian, Quartan, Quotidian cold Fits, at thy Superstitious, Idolatrous Jesuitical Meetings, Assemblies, Conventicles. See my *Health's Sickness*, p. 150. *The Northern Blast*, p. 90. *The Pope crossing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Whereas thou say'st I have no Ears, &c. therein thou shewest that thou hast no Light, Reason, Understanding; for as a House is judged to be a House in Law as long as any part thereof is standing; and a light piece of Gold is good and lawful *English Coin*, current with allowance, altho' it be clip'd, filed, washed or worn; even so are my *Ears*, legal, warrantable, and sufficient *Ears*, and good in Law, however they have been clip'd, par'd, crop'd, circumcis'd, and I have a better Title to the Remainders than thou hast to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were. For those parcels, scraps, shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my
Right

Right to those that are (see my own Abridgment at large, page 29. *Liste upon Gerrard*, pag. 26. *The Legality of Treason*, in two Parts, S. G. upon both, pag. 666.) left, for *exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis*.

This shews that the Light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thyself so much, is but a kind of dusky Owl-light, a trembling, twinkling, stinking stuff, which thou carriest in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowels, as an Ox, Bull or Cow doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of *Lincolnshire* do the Fewel of the Country; and thou knowest who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried, *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, *Frogs*, *Vipers*. See my *Hidden Works of Darkness*, pag. 400. *A Looking-glass for a blind Guide*, p. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, p. 220, &c.

Whereas thou sayest, urgest and objectest, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art mistaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled and per-

236 *The* INDEPENDANTS.

perverted one according to the Sense, Judgment, and Opinion of the House (and *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*; see *Bracton*) by putting in, adding and incerting some thing or things of my own Invention, Wit, Contrivance, that had not passed their Votes, and putting out, eracing, and expunging other things, which had, which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a breach of Law, because it was before it was made one, and if it had been so, yet it would have proved no great Crime, Fault, Offence, for *exchange* (thou knowest) *is no robbery*. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, pag. 53. *Prynne's Principles*, p. 200. which is more than you can say, produce, or alledge for yourselves, who are a Generation, Spawn, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents, so obstinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the same time that it is put in execution against you, like unto a Cut-purse that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you croud, thrust and intrude yourselves into Prisons by shoals, that you may, in defiance

ance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more than five together, although it be in the Goal. See my *Sword of Christian Magistracy suppressed*, p. 550. *The Sectary dissected*, p. 82.

Whereas thou say'st, I write in the Stile, Form, Language of a *Conveyance*, therein I do according to my Profession, Calling, Vocation, and if thou hadst done so too, thou hadst been but a Mechanick still, and hadst not ordain'd thyself a Hedge-Sir *John*, of an Orderless Order and unruly Rule, the original, rise, or beginning whereof is as uncertain as the Head or Heads of *Nile*, or the hatching of Woodcocks, for no body can tell from whence it came. (See *Truth triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jesuit a Jebusite*, p. 904.) a Church, or rather Chappel indeed, that is built upon a *Quaking Bog* (mark that) or flat Quick-sand, without superior or inferior in it, like the Knights of King *Arthur's* (See the *Seven Champions of Christendom*) Round Table, or the Serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which see *Pliny*) that has a Head at both ends.

Mahomet the false Prophet of the *Turks*, was the first Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the *Quakers*: For he had trembling Trances, and frantick Fits of the *Falling-sickness*, in which he had Revelations, Dreams, Visions, whisper'd into his Ear by a Dove, Pidgeon or Widgeon, that he had instructed and taught, used to pick Seeds out of his Ear or Ears; which Seeds are the Seeds of your Church as well as his, for they produce the very same Fruits, Effects, Workings in both, and both equally hope to be saved by him. And hence it is, that all your Wishes, Longings, Desires, are in 'the *Turks* over-running of Christendom; for as both they and you account Fools, Ideots, Madmen, Saints, you do not doubt but to pass easily for such with them, for your great Abilities in those Gifts. And therefore as your Brethren, the afore-said *Turkish Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, destine, damn themselves to destruction, meerly to tire, weary, make work for, and put a stop to the Christians in their Wars; and fill up Ditches, Grafts, Trenches with their Bodies,

Bodies, Carcasses, outward Men for their fellow Mussel-men to march over; even so ye also think to weary out the Officers of Justice, with your numberless Numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as Legion the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, p. 1000 *The Sectary in Sippets*, p. 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk* as well as a *Pope* in your Bellies, and that ye delight in Persecution, in Affliction, Tribulation, as some old extravagant fantastick Fornicators find a pleasure in being whip'd, and out of these Sores ingender one another, by equivocal Generation, as Flies blow Maggots, which afterwards become Flies and blow others. See my *Rome's Masterpiece*, p. 808. *Settle-brain for a Sectary*, p. 9. *A Siringe for a sore Sinner*, p. 78.

That you are Jesuitical, Romish, Franciscan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the North,
from

from whence evil and destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quaker Unmask'd*, p. 84. *Lights Darkness*, pag. 26. For as the Needle in the Mariners Compass Trembles, (mark that) and points to the North, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering *Quakers*. And as Witches are most frequent in the North, and the colder the Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (see my *first Answer to thyself*) to quake, &c. It follows, that *Quakers* and *Witches* are of the growth of the same place, and both of the same Nature, Quality, and Condition: For as *Witches* swim upon the Water like light Scum, even so are *Quakers* the Scum of the Earth, that shake themselves like Water-Dogs when they come out of a Pond. See my *Popish Royal Favourite*, p. 800. *Sweet lips of Soul-savingness*, p. 53. Lastly, As *Witches* liquor their Staves and fly through the Air, even so do *Quakers* liquor their Throats with Incanted Potions, and gape to suck in the Air that it may fly through them, and
blow

against the QUAKERS. 241

blow the Light within them, (See *Emmot and Gilpin*, p. 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, p. 10.) at their Exorcisms rather than Exercises of Devotion. Whereas thou say'st I was branded, burnt or stigmatiz'd in the Cheek, 'tis true, I was so, nor am I at all ashamed of, sorry for, or abashed thereat, but rather set a greater value on myself therefore, as I believe I have very good cause, consideration to do, for I was only us'd like a sealed Measure, burnt, branded for being true. See my *Verses* written on this occasion in the *Tower of London*, in hæc verba.

Of this Opinion William Prynne was the Sixth day of March six hundred thirty (three.

Nor was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a Man of my Profession, Cloath, Vocation, that is, to measure equal Law right, Justice between Man and Man. See *Truth Triumphant*, p. 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, pag. 907.

242 *The* INDEPENDANT'S

As for the Jesuits, who thou say'st made use of the scraps of my Ears, to bewitch the Quakers, &c. If they did so, it was no fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid Parings, Scraps, Shreds, were sever'd from my Freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil administration of them, when they were out of my Power, Charge, Tuition. But if they had been in my own possession, and the Jesuits had stollen them to bewitch the Quakers to listen to their Enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Iesoct.* p. 95. *The frantick Franciscan*, p. 700. *A Hole pick'd in the Pope's Coat*, p. 30. Whereas thou say'st the Brethren, Godly, &c. rode out with the Sisters, Helpers, &c. I do confess, thank, acknowledge their loving kindness therein; and if they did evil in sticking *Rosemary* and *Bays* upon their Vessels, Bodies, outward Folks, as thou say'st, against the Doctrine and Discipline of the *Presbyterian* Church; it is no more than

than the Members, Tools, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagogue did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of their *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his Brethren upon an Ass, and ran bare before both, against the Fundamental, known establish'd Rule, Canon, Constitution of their disorderly Order. See *The Buckle of the Canonical Girdle turn'd*, p. 63. *The Quaker Quash'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou say'st my Works are bound up in Hat-cases, &c. If thou would'st but buy one of those, and put thy Hat therein, it would operate upon, and instil into thy Noddle, sence Loggerhead more Sense, Reason, Understanding, and teach thee better Manners than to keep it on before a Court of Justice: by which thou dost but shew, declare, demonstrate, that thou hast a Crack, Flaw, soft place in thy Skull; and in that respect art very careful to keep it warm, lest thy sickly Brains (if thou hast any) should take cold. And as for those Chandlers and Haberdashers of small Wares, &c. which thou say'st have undertaken to

oppose, answer, confute me: Verily, they will find it a harder Task than they are aware of, for I have already Written, Printed, Published 160 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in a readiness, and to find Imployment, Work, Business enough for them all; as long as Church and State can furnish, store, supply me with subject matter. Provided I may have process enough to carry on the Work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* Brethren the *Nonconformists* to help, aid, and assist me, which (it being so much for their own advantage, interest, concernment, and they having at present nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

Will. Prynne.



THE
GENEVA BALLAD.

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of
Hudibras.

I.

OF all the Factions in the Town,
Mov'd by *French* Springs or *Flemish*
None treads Religion upside down,
Or tears Pretences out at Heels,

M 3 Like

246 *The* GENEVA BALLAD.

Like *Splaymouth*, with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scan'd per-
By the dimensions of his Chaps. (haps

II.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all divine,
Who when the Spirit hints can roar,
And if occasion serves can whine ;
Nay, he can bellow, bray or bark,
Was ever *sike* a *Beauk-learn'd Clerk*,
That speaks all *Linguas* of the Ark.

III.

To draw in Profelites like Bees,
With pleasing twang he tones his Prose;
He gives his Handkerchief a squeeze
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose ;
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With slip-stocking Similitudes,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

When

IV.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
And Treason had a fine new Name;
When *Thames* was balderdash'd with
(*Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame;
When *Jeroboam*'s Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd nor fear'd
This Gospel-Comet first appear'd.

V.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers strip'd
His Sov'reign Liege of Power and Land:
And having smote his Master, flip'd
His Sword into his Fellow's Hand:
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oft-times the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

VI.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then,
Outweigh'd Qu. *Mary's* many Grains,
His very Preaching flew more Men,
Than *Bonner's* Faggots, Stakes and
(Chains.
With Dog-Star Zeal and Lungs like
(*Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's
(notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glo-
(rious.

VII.

Yet drew for *King and Parliament*,
As if the Wind cou'd stand *North-South*
Broke *Moses's* Law with blest intent,
Murder'd, and then he wip'd his Mouth.
Oblivion alters not his Case,
Nor Clemency, nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* Face.

Ripe

VIII.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in swarms,
He bawls aloud, *Sirs leave your Sins,*
But whispers, *Boys, stand to your Arms.*
Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money I mean, and *Multitude.*

IX.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than St. *George* or the King of *Colen,*
Vowing he'll not conform before
The old Wives wind their Dead in
(Woollen.
He calls the Bishop, *Grey-beard Coss,*
And makes his Power as meer a Scoff
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

X.

Hark! how he opens with full cry,
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME,
 Cowards that are afraid to die.

Thus make domestick Broils at home.
 How quietly Great *Charles* might
 Would all these Hot-spurs cross the ^{(reign,}
 And preach down Popery in *Spain*. ^{(Main,}

XI.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
 There's no diffention in the Sky;
 And can there be a Mean betwixt
 Confusion and Conformity?
 A Place divided never thrives,
 'Tis bad where Hornets dwell in Hives.
 But worse where Children play with
 (Knives.
 I wou'd

XIV.

Yet they all cry they love the King,
And make boast of their Innocence;
There cannot be so vile a Thing
But may be cover'd with Pretence:
Yet when all's said, one thing I'll swear
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traytor like *Jack-Presbyter.*





THE ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. *BUTLER*, Author of
Hudibras.

I.

WHat Creature's that with his short
(Hairs,
His little Band, and huge long Ears,

That this new Faith hath founded?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelate ne'er rul'd half so much.

O! such a Rogue's a Roundhead.

What's.

II.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling Reprobate,
 'Cause by the Pope propounded;
 And thinks a zealous Cobler better,
 Than learned *Usher* in every Letter!
O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

III.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
 As often as his *Yea* and *Nay*,
 And wish the King confounded;
 And dares maintain that Mr. *Pim*
 Is fitter for a Crown than him?
O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

IV.

What's he that if he chance to hear
 A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,}

Doth

The ROUND-HEAD. 255

Doth think his Conscience wounded,
Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
And meet a Sister by the way?

O! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

V.

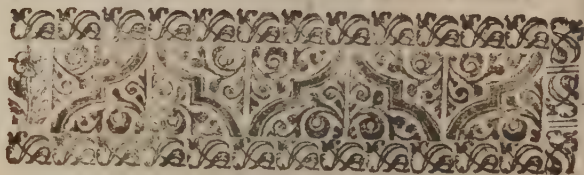
What's he that met a Holy Sister,
And in a Haycock gently kifs'd her,

O! then his Zeal abounded:

'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow?

And there he got a Round-head.





THE TURNCOAT.

The Tune of, *London is a fine Town.*

By Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*,
Author of *Hudibras*.

I.

I Lov'd no King since Forty One,
When Prelacy went down,
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
And preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That Cants to admiration,
And prays for any King to gain
The Peoples Approbation.*

II.

I shew'd the Paths to Heav'n untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine'em,
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Devil were in'em.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

III.

When *Charles* return'd into our Land,
The *English* Church Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And so became a Courtier.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

The

258 *The* TURNCOAT.

IV.

The King's Religion I profess,
And found there was no harm in't ;
I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
Till I had got Preferment.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

V.

I taught my Conscience how to cope
With Honesty or Evil ;
And when I rail'd against the Pope,
I sided with the Devil.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That Cants to admiration,
And prays for any King to gain
The Peoples Approbation.*

THE

THE
CHARACTERS
OF THE
Five Sectaries,

THE
Presbyterian, | Quaker, and
Independant, | Fifth Monar-
Anabaptist, | chy-Men.

Concluding
With Advice to King *Charles*
the Second.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.

THE
CHURCH OF
ST. MARY

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CHURCH OF
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CHURCH OF
ST. MARY



The CHARACTERS *of*
the Five Sectaries.

OUR ancient Poets sung of Crowds
Of Gods that dwelt beyond the
(Clouds,
And of the Goddeses they bedded,
As Mortals do their Wives when wedded.
Which shews, that in those pious Days,
The World did many Altars raise,
And taught by Poet, well as Priest,
Ador'd the Gods they lik'd the best,
Yet

262 *The* CHARACTERS of
Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
They paid a publick Hecatomb ;
Or why one Great Immortal Brother
Was more respected than another :
But all were mutually agreed
To worship with most solemn heed,
The Gods of whom they'd greatest
(need.
As Flatterers adore those Friends
At Court who best can serve their Ends,
And cringe to him whose giving Hand
Has most Donations at command.
The Ambitious Man apply'd to *Jove*,
The Am'rous to the God of Love,
The Soldier to victorious *Mars*,
To keep him safe from Wounds and Scars
The Poet to *Apollo's* Shrine,
The Toaper to the God of Wine,
The Whore to *Venus*, for Gallants,
To cool her Lust and ease her Wants ;
The

the FIVE SECTARIES. 263

The Hunter and abstemious Maid
Oblations to *Diana* paid,
And Mariners in all Distress,
Apply'd to *Neptune* for redress:
A Thousand Deities beside,
And Demi-gods to Gods ally'd,
Were worship'd in the Times of old,
As we're by ancient Authors told :
Nay, some ador'd, for sundry Reasons,
The Sun, that gives the World its Seasons,
And to the Moon, that shines by Night,
Paid equal Homage for her Light;
Whilst others were such pious Fools,
To worship even Geese and Owls;
And without Cavils or Disputes,
Oblations made to Birds and Brutes,
And with rich costly Banquets serv'd
Each wooden God themselves had carv'd

Altho'

264 *The CHARACTERS of*
Altho' they knew the Log divine
No Stomach had to Meat or Wine,
But in those Days they'd Priests that us'd
To pick up what their Gods refus'd,
Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
Good Food should spoil for want of
(eating.
However, in those Pious Times,
Mankind were conscious of their Crimes,
And would not bluster, rave, and bicker
For Dame Religion in their Liqueur,
As roaring Bullies do when tipsy,
For this fair Punk, or that lewd Gypsy.
Then Garlands were on Maypoles hung,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds danc'd
and sung,
And rural Swains with Pipes and Tabors
Delighted both themselves and Neigh-
(bours,
Enjoy'd their Bread in peace and quiet,
Without Contention, Feud, or Riot;
Obey'd

266 *The* CHARACTERS of

The first of these that undermine
 The Church, and all that is Divine,
 Is prickear'd *Presbyterian Jack*,
 That preaching, praying, whining Quack
 Who does more harm 'mong Female
 (Plackets,
 Than old *Ponteus* with his Packets.
 A King he hates, tho' for no reason,
 But for the Love he bears to Treason;
 The very best of God's Vicegerents,
 By him are represented Tyrants:
 All Loyalty, but flatt'ring Knav'ry,
 And true Allegiance, downright Slav'ry.
 Yet none can more imperious be,
 Or claim more rev'rence than he.
 To Bishops he's a Foe most 'spightful,
 The very Name to him is frightful;
 And Lawn he scorns, because his Merit,
 He knows, can never reach to wear it.

the FIVE SECTARIES. 267

*So he that travels thro' the Streets
On Foot, derides the Coach he meets,
Not for its rattling thro' the Town,
But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.*

Whene'er in boarded Booth he teaches,
The only Doctrine that he preaches,
Is loudly railing 'gainst his Betters,
And binding Kings in Chains and Fetters
That all within his Holy Place,
May suck Rebellion in with Grace,
And when occasion serves, be ready
To pull down Sov'reign Lord or Lady.
The Church he wickedly blasphemes,
And shews his Malice in Extreame ;
Condemns her to his gaping Hearers,
For holding many Popish Errors ;
Calls her the *Babylonian Whore*,
And gives her fifty Titles more,

N 2

Deriv'd

268 *The CHARACTERS of*
 Deriv'd from *Calvin, Knox*, and other
 That justly may be deem'd their Brother
 His Morals are intirely such
 As held and practis'd by the *Dutch*,
 Extracted from *Geneva* College,
 Where callow Saints improve their
 (Knowledge
 And learn, when young, to cover base
 Opinions with a godly Face ;
 And as some wise Observers tell us,
 To be religiously Rebellious,
 And misapply, like mad Divines,
 The Word of **God** to bad Designs.
So pious Matron that beguiles
Her Husband and her Bed defiles,
To shew her undigested Goodness,
Talks Scripture even in her Lewdness.

The next Reformer of the Nation,
Who Cants and Prays by Inspiration,
Affected

the FIVE SECTARIES. 269

Affects the Name of Independant,
In vile Hypocrisy transcendant :
This Saint receives his Ordination
From th' Elders of the Congregation,
They give him Pow'r to first conduct 'em
Then does he blefs 'em and instruct 'em,
And by long Lectures ill collected,
Direct 'em as they'd be directed :
Learning and all Degrees of Schools
They hold unnecessary Rules,
And think, by Grace, a Cobling Zealot
May prove as wise as Priest or Prelat,
And expound Scripture to their Hearers,
By Inspiration, without Errors,
As well as he who has at College
Chop'd Logick to improve his Knowledge

Church Matters they debate by Laymen,
And give great Privilege to Women,

270 *The* CHARACTERS of
Allow their Teachers, who can Stitch
A Shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
To mind their Work all days but one day,
On which they cant, and that's the *Sun-*
(day.
Their Teachers have no Pow'r supream
O'er those they teach, but they o'er them,
And for the meanest trivial things,
Depose them as they would their Kings.
First taught by Jesuits in disguise,
To foster what the Church denies,
And to maintain such heath'nish Points
As make 'em such rebellious Saints :
From them and other Priests of *Rome*
Who, to confound us, hither come,
The Independing Saint derives
Those wretched Tenets he revives,
And all that stiff-neck'd holy Pride
The Zealot shews in e'ery Stride :

His

the FIVE SECTARIES. 271

His quaint Grimace, as full of spight
As pamper'd Horse just going to Bite:
His Clock, his Collar, and his Band,
That do more Mischief underhand
Than fifty Guides of Parish Flocks,
Do good by drumming Orthodox.

Among these rank rebellious Weeds,
The *Anabaptist* next succeeds;
These Saints derive their way of fooling
From *Sator Humor Knipperdoling*,
Hut, Hetzer, Hofman, and a Crew
Of frantick Fools, the Lord knows who,
Some Botchers, others Cobling Zealots,
That follow'd neither Priest nor Prelats,
But roar'd at both, like Bear or Dragon,
And preach'd sometimes without a rag
on,
Which made the Women flock to see
The Tokens of their Sanctity,

N A

And

272 *The CHARACTERS of*
And to behold the naked truth;
As well as hear it from the Mouth.
These Sons of Grace and of Adoption,
Refin'd from Sin and all Corruption,
So cross-grain'd, holy, and morose,
Love Coin altho' they hate the Cross;
Are therefore full of idle Scepti'sm,
Concerning of its Sign in Baptism;
Nor can his Intellects conclude
The Type of Sprinkling to be good;
Yet will in solemn Words assert,
He loves the Church with all his Heart,
And cou'd conform, with a Proviso,
She'd into *Bapto* change *Baptizo*.
His Doctrine chiefly is upon
The ancient use of *Baptist John*,
Whose sacred Customs the Enthusion
Prefers to'r Saviour's Institution,

And

the FIVE SECTARIES. 275

And rather than with God comply,
Will upon mortal Man rely,
Who was not worthy to unloose
The Latchets of our Saviour's Shoes.
The Font he will not hear a word on,
But flies away to th' River *Jordan*;
And tho' no sprinkling will go down,
He'll dip you there until you drown.
Thus many at a Straw will stumble,
That leap o'er Logs and never grumble.
So the stiff Consciences of those
Who are the Church's greatest Foes,
With little Sins are apt to struggle,
But swallow great ones without boggle.

The *Quaker* next that Quirpo Saint,
In Dress and Speech so very quaint,
Whose holy Pride would chuse much
(rather
To hazard Hell than say, *Our Father*;

274 *The* CHARACTERS of
Or sooner bend to Psalm or Psalter,
Than bow his Head before the Altar.
Among the rest promotes the Notion
Of Pop'ry and of Persecution,
And in his groaning Fits abuses
The Church for what she never uses,
Cries out the Horned Beast, the Dragon,
The Scarlet Whore, the Pope, the Pagan,
When all the Whims that cause his sad-
ness,
Proceed from Folly, Zeal, and Madess,
Which in his crazy Crown unite,
And kindle what he calls the Light,
An *Ignis fatuus* that bewitches
Like that which springs from marshy
(Ditches,
And leads him into foul Mistakes,
As t'other into thorny Brakes.
Much Conscience he pretends to use,
But deals with Churchmen as with Jews
And

the FIVE SECTARIES. 275

And tho' he will not swear, will play
The cunning Knave, by *Tea and Nay*,
With sober *Verilies* outwit ye,
And in a solemn manner cheat ye;
Defies the Wicked to deceive him,
Yet cozens all Men that believe him,
And costly Sins, for which he cares not,
Makes up with lying, tho' he swears not,
Which shews his Conscience can detest
All Vice but what he likes the best.
As Women who reserve their Kisses,
Because they value not Love's Blissess,
Compound for the neglect of Joy,
And to the Closet-Bottle fly.

The next pretending Son of Grace,
With formal Mien and solemn Face,
Is the *Fifth Monarchy* Enthusion,
The Pink and Pattern of Confusion;

A stub-

276 *The* CHARACTERS of
A stubborn Rebel, who, to tease us,
Will own no other King but *Jesus*;
And him, was he on Earth to reign,
The Saints would crucify again,
Or serve him as themselves and Fellows,
Who were a scandal to the Gallows,
Did the best King, the bravest Sov'reign
That e'er had Right Divine to govern.
These, if the Devil e'er possess
One wicked Sect above the rest,
Are surely those whose Words & Actions
Are under *Belzebub's* Directions.
In this Enthusiastick Herd
The maddest of the Saints appear'd
Those sacred Rogues who were the
Of Deeds the blackest and the bloody'st, (proudest
And had the saving Grace to boast
Of the worst Villanies the most,

the FIVE SECTARIES. 277

As if they wanted to excel
On Earth the Wickedness of Hell,
And vilely hop'd, by dint of Blood,
To turn all Evil into Good.

*As Rebels when they win the Day,
O'er Lawful Pow'rs usurp the Sway;
And by new Precepts of their own
Charge all the Crimes themselves have
On those they've wrong'd and over-
(done, (thrown.)*

Of these and all the other Saints,
Who've given the Christian Church such
Murder'd their King, usurp'd the Throne
(rents,
And turn'd the Kingdom upside down,
O *England, England!* have a care,
No Mercy shew, or Justice spare,
To whining holy Cheats that pray
As Witches do, the backward way,

And

278 *The CHARACTERS of*
And ne'er invoke the God of Peace,
Except to bless their Villanies.
O England! look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A Progress they had lately made,
When all was in Confusion laid,
And no Man's Life, or his Estate
Secure from their rebellious Hate
The Churches they to Stables turn'd,
And Prisons, where the Loyal mourn'd,
The Pulpit to a sinful Box
Of Treason, 'stead of Orthodox;
Whitehall, where Princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a Rebel's Seat,
Where Pious Knaves, with one accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord;
The Nation to a Field of Blood,
Where Traytors triumph'd o'er the good.

And

the FIVE SECTARIES. 279

And made the profitable Toils
Of others their continual Spoils ;
The Laws against the Church and Crown
Were turn'd to pull and keep 'em down,
And all Religion into base
Hypocrisy and dull Grimace.
Therefore, O King! let e'ery Sect,
By wholesome Laws be duly check'd :
Thy just Prerogative extend,
Assert thy Throne, the Church defend,
And timely pare the Hydra's Claws,
Or thou wilt find the *Good Old Cause*
New strength will of a sudden gather,
And serve thee as she did thy Father.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

OF ENGLAND
BY
JAMES HALLAM, ESQ.
OF LINCOLN'S INN
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1795.





A Key to the
COURT
OF
King CHARLES II.

A Burlesque Poem on the
Lords and Ladies written
by Mr. Butler.

The Court Mistresses.

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The Character of the Countess of Castlemain, afterwards Dutches of Cleveland. 30.

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A Key to the COURT, &c.

The Statesmen.

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Earl of Rochester.*
-

The

A
KEY
TO
HUDIBRASS.

Written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.



L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year M DCC XIV.





TO THE
READER.

THIS Key that is now
presented to the Publick
I procured many Years
since from my Learned Friend
Dr. Midgley, who assured me
that it was written by Sir Roger
L'estrangle to oblige a Person of
Quality. But on the earnest
Solicitations of the Publisher of
these Posthumous Works of Mr.
Butler, I gave him this Manu-
script, which I believe will an-
swer

TO the READER.

*swer his Ends, and oblige the
World till a better Key can be
found out. I am of Opinion,
that there can't be a greater
Service done to my Country, than
exposing the Principles of a Re-
bellious Republican Party, whose
only Aims are Anarchy, Confu-
sion, and utter subversion of true
Religion and Monarchical Go-
vernment.*

B. S.





A N

Alphabetical Key

T O

HUDIBRASS,

Paged to the last Edition.

PAGE 11. line 337.

For Arthur wore in Hall.

Prince *Arthur*, one of the Nine Worthies of the World.

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Page 38. line 249.

~~-----~~ Bruin march'd next him,
With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Sarazen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin.

Bruin or *Turk*, *Bear* or *Dog*, signify the different Sects in those Rebellious Times; which *Hudibras*, the chief Hero of Mr. Butler's Poem, would make Confederates for the suppressing of Kingly Government and Episcopacy.

Page 42. line 412.

Cerdon the great renown'd in Song,
Like Herc'les for reprieve of Wrong.

By *Cerdon* is meant one-ey'd *Hewson* the Cobler, who, from a private Centinel in the Parliament Army was made a Colonel.

Page 71. line 153.

~~-----~~ Circumcis'd Brethren.

Viz. *Bastwick*, *Burton*, and *Frynn*, who lost their Ears in the Pillory, had their Noses slit, and were stigmatiz'd
in

A Key to HUDIBRASS.

in the Forehead for lampooning *Henrietta Maria* Queen of *England*, and the Bishops.

Page 43. line 442.

*Colon came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star.*

This *Colon* hints at one *Ned Perry*, an Hostler, who tho' he lov'd Bear-baiting, was nevertheless such a strange *Precisian*, that he wou'd lie with any Whore, but the *Whore of Babylon*.

Page 33. line 106.

Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

He hints at one *Jackson* a Milliner in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; who falling to decay, by losing a Leg in the *Roundheads* Service, he was oblig'd to setape upon a Violin from one Alehouse to another, for his Bread.

Page 296. line 1203.

----- *Croisado General.*

Lord *Fairfax*, General of the Parliamentary Army.

O

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Page 178. line 404.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a merry Astrologer, and pleasant Companion of *Ben Johnson's*.

Page 2. line 40.

HUDIBRASS.

A Name which the Author of that excellent Poem so Intitl'd, bestows on Sir *Samuel Luke* of *Bedfordshire*; a Self-conceited Commander under *Oliver Cromwel*.

Page 171. line 163.

Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly.

This *Kelly* was an *Irish* Priest, who fomented the Rebellion, by preaching in Disguise among the Dissenters of those Times.

Page 237. line 868.

*The Nymphs of chaste Diana's strain,
The same with those in Lukeners-lane*

Lukener's-Lane, a Place still a Rendezvous

A Key to HUDIBRASS.

dezvous and Nurfery for lewd Women;
but first resorted to by the *Roundheads*.

Page 40. line 331.

----- *Magnano came,*
Magnano great in Martial Fame.

Magnano here is put for *Simeon Wait*, a Tinker, as famous an Independent Preacher as *Burroughs*; who, with equal Blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile *Oliver Cromwel* the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil.

Page 28. line 906.

This sung there is a valiant Mamaluke.

The Author means by this Person Sir *Samuel Luke*, the chief Hero of his Poem.

Page 342. line 188.

----- *Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.*

One of the Assembly of Dissenting Ministers, noted for his ugly Beard.

A Key to HUDIBRASS.

Page 267. line 216.

----- *Oliver gave up his Reign.*

By this *Mr. Butler* points at the great Hurricane which happen'd at the Death of this infamous Usurper ; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification.

Page 35. line 147.

----- *Orsin famous for
Wise Conduct and Success in War.*

This fictitious Name seems to hint at one *Joshua Goslin*, who kept Bears at *Paris-Garden* on *Southwark* side ; however, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

Page 133. line 725.

----- *Philosophers of late here.*

Hinting at *Sir Kenelm Digby* ; who, in his Book of Bodies, gives the Relation of a *German Boy*, living in the Woods, and going on his Hands and Feet, like a four-footed Beast.

Page

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Page 271. line 351.

----- *Politician,*

With more Heads than Beast in Vision.

Sir *Anthony Ashly Cooper*, noted as much for his Tap, as his Tryal: when Earl of *Shaftsbury* at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Baily*, on *Thursday* the 24th of *November*, 1681, for High-Treason; part of the Indictment against him being for speaking irreverently and slightly against the King, *That he was a weak Man, an inconstant Man, of no firm or settled Resolution; easily led by the Nose, as his Father was, by a Popish Queen, which was his Ruine.*

Page 99. line 1122.

Pope's Bull.

Alluding to a Book intituled, *The Pope's Bull baited*; a Polemical Piece of Divinity, said to be written by the Learned Doctor *Whitaker*.

Page 297. line 1250.

Puder.

A Drayman, who was a Colonel in the Rebels Army.

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Page 15. line 457.

——— *Ralpho,*
That in th' Adventure went his half.

This *Ralpho* was *Isaac Robinson*,
Squire to *Hudibras*; and a zealous
Botcher in *Moorfields*, who, in the time
of the Rebellion in Forty One, was al-
ways contriving some new Quirpo-cut
of Church-Government.

Page 273. line 421.

——— *To match this Saint.*

Meaning by this venerable Name,
that infamous Rebel Colonel *John Lil-*
burn.

Page 179. line 436.

——— *Sedgwick.*
And some of us find out by Magick.

A noted *Puritan*, who predicted the
Day of Judgment was to happen on a
certain Day of the Month, in the Year
1645; but his Prediction is not yet
come to pass.

Page

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Page 169. line 106.

———— Sidrophel,
*That deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells.*

This points at *Lilly* the Astrologer; who gave out such Predictions against the Royal Family, that he had like to have been hang'd for 'em after the Restoration.

Page 46. line 526.

Six Members Quarrels to espouse.

They were the Lord *Kimbolton*, *Hollis*, *Pim*, *Hambden*, *Stroud*, and Sir *Arthur Haslerig*; notorious Rebels, always plotting with the *Scots*; whereupon King *Charles* the First preferring Articles against them, sent his Guards to seize them in the House of Commons; but on notice thereof they fled from Justice. Mr. *Cleveland* takes notice of this *Kimbolton* thus.

Rupert, the Great *Rupert* soundeth so,
Kimbolton's but a *Wheelbarrow*.

Page

A Key to HUDIBRASS.

Page 100. line 1166.

Smeck.

A contraction of *Smectymnuus*, a Word made up of the initial Letters of the Christian and Surnames of five Factious Rebels; namely, *Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow*; who writ a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names. Of these Club-Preachers *Cleaveland* thus writes:

Smectymnuus! the Goblin makes me
(start,
Dth' Name of Rabbi Abraham, what art?
Syriack, or Atabick, or Welsh, what
(skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built,
Some Conjurer translate, and let me
(know it;
Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But do the Brotherhood then play their
(Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with Dis-
(guises?
Out-

A Key to HUDIBRAS.

*Outbrave us with a Name in Rank
(and File,
A Name, which if 'twere train'd,
wou'd spread a Mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Clu-
(ster,
Which, like a Porcupine, presents a
(Muster,
And shoots his Quills at Bishops and
(their Sees,
A devout Litter of young Maccabees.*

Page 328. line 577.

An old dull Sot at Bridewel-Dock.

One *Prideaux*, a pragmatistical Justice of the Peace, noted as much for his extorting Money from Delinquents, as his Disloyalty to his Sovereign.

Page 267. line 220.

—Sterry.

A Fanatical Preacher admir'd by *Hugh Peters* for his Treasonable Discourses when he held forth.

Page

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Page 263. line 78.

*And laid about as hot and brainsick,
As th' utter Barister of Swanfick.*

Meaning by this Barister *William Prynn*, who was of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and a great stickler against Kingly Government.

Page 39. line 299.

*Talgol was of Courage stout,
And vanquish'd oftner than he fought.*

He was a Butcher in *Newgate-Market*, his Name was *Jackson*; and obtain'd a Captain's Commission for his rebellious Bravery at *Naseby* Fight.

Page 41. line 365.

——— *Trulla more bright,
Than burnisht Armour of her Knight.*

The Daughter of *James Spencer*, a Quaker, debauch'd first by her Father; and then by *Magnano* the Tinker above-mention'd.

A Key to HUDIBRASS.

Page 267. line 231.

—— *Lame Vicegerent.*

Meaning *Richard*, the eldest Son of *Oliver*, proclaim'd Protector after his Father's Death.

Page 176. line 325.

Whacum, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholsome Law.

Tom Jones, a foolish *Welshman* that
could neither Write nor Read, Zany to
Lilly the Astrologer.

Page 75. line 312.

—— *Widow's Jointure-Land.*

The precious Relique of *Aminadab Wilmot*, an Independant, kill'd at the Fight of *Edge-hill*; and having Two hundred Pounds *per Annum* left her for a Jointure, *Hudibras* fell in Love with her, or did worse.

Page

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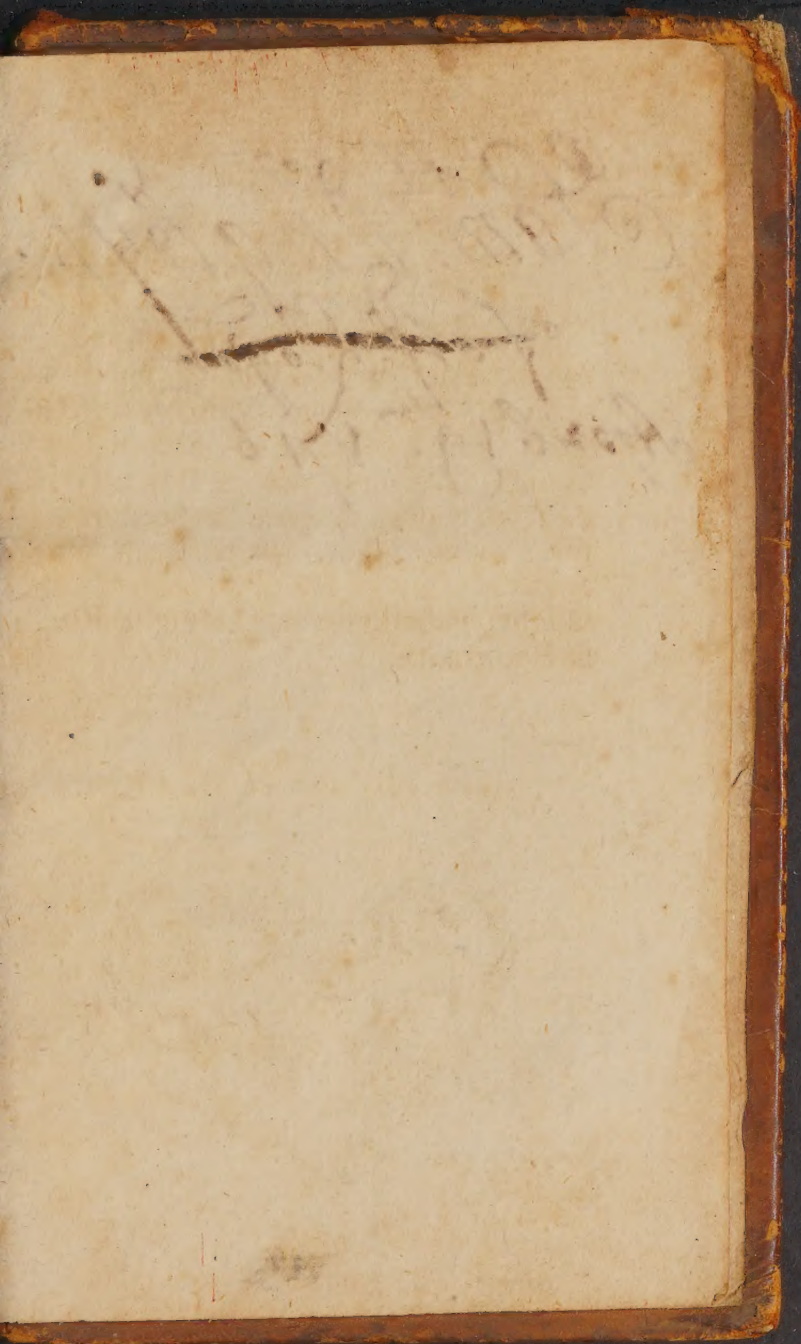
Page 20. line 647.

Withers, Prynne, and Vickars.

The first of these Puritans was a Fanatical Poet, whose Works (good for nothing) were formerly in great Request among Chandlers and Pastry-Cooks. The next was a Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn*, as great a Scribler as the former, but to as little purpose. And the last was a Tub-preacher, that taught, Rebellion was the right Road to Reformation.

F I N I S.





Ed H
Sam: Ingalls.
~~For Lloyd~~
April 19th 1796

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